

**Special Features This Issue**  
"Thread of Life" - "Nauticraft Escapade"  
"Great South Bay Horseshoe Crab Report"

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# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 4

July 1, 2000



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## Commentary...



Bob Hicks, Editor

The report featured in this issue on the Nauticraft Escapade water cycle is sort of unique. I haven't done many such "impressions" of boats articles. I don't presume to call this one a "test" for it isn't. It's a collection of impressions supported by the background and tech info. I did it because I'm interested in pedal power and for once have some skills and abilities in operating a special sort of boat.

My series a while back on trimarans I undertook because I was interested in them. But I didn't do any impression pieces, not only were the boats unavailable to me, but I was not qualified to sail any of them. My main "impressions" piece on multihulls was the one about going for a short sail with Dick Newick in a 1988 Ostar tri he designed, *Ocean Surfer*. I got to steer but Dick was really sailing the boat. I wouldn't have dared.

More recently we've had various articles on electric powered boats. Again I haven't indulged in any impressions articles other than one about a short cruise with Phil Bolger and Suzanne Altenberger in their *Lily*. Again also, I went along for the ride absorbing impressions.

Back in what passes for mainstream in our small boat world, sailing, paddling and rowing craft of more conventional type, I haven't gotten into trying out any of the multitude of offerings in these genre. Again, an occasional impressions piece from going along for the ride with a knowledgeable owner/operator was my best attempt.

Those who recall with sadness the glory days of *Small Boat Journal* miss that magazine's small boat tests. They had staff skilled in sailing, rowing and paddling, advertisers who made their boats available for such tests, and time and money to devote to such comprehensive efforts. I have none of these necessary ingredients to boat testing. I'm unskilled in most boating techniques, have no advertisers wishing to provide boats for such testing in view of my limitations, and certainly do not have the necessary time and money.

A commonly held assumption about specialty journalists such as I is that we must be experienced participants in the activities we write about. Overlooked is the fact that good journalists are primarily writers, they do not have to be skilled participants. The best of the newspaper sports writers were never players. They were writers and knowledgeable observers. I like to think this is where I fit in, when I write about something, I have taken the trouble to understand it and can articulate the information for your benefit.

So why do I feel so free to launch into this arcane water cycling thing? Well, the boats combine aspects of kayaking and bicycling, both sports in which I have some modest skills and necessary physical strengths. I participate because they attract me for the pleasure and excitement they provide, not as a journalist's duty.

They also appeal to my wayward ways, a predilection that I've had all my life in the go-it-alone, different drummer direction. I was attracted to sea kayaking (those tippy dangerous little boats) and later to mountain biking and recumbent bicycling. My mountain bike is the sort scornfully regarded now by the establishment youth as a "free rider" a bike that does it all for me rather than requiring me to abuse myself to succeed in my riding. My recumbent is so far outside that it is viewed as freak and I as a weird old guy.

So now I turn this waywardness to a look at this watercycling game. I feel my usual innate sympathy for an outsider activity and I have a strong interest in learning more. I know the water cycle stuff I will probably subject you to this summer will appeal, if at all, to but a few of you. My purpose, in addition to finding out if it will attract me as much as my landside cycling, is to bring to your attention yet another way of messing about in boats.

Watercycling involves people taking part in human powered boating, just as does paddling and rowing. It puts the body's most powerful muscles to work to provide propulsion more efficiently than does the intermittent application of weaker muscle power derived from paddling and rowing. The leg muscle power utilized in the demonstrably more efficient form of rowing offered in sliding seat shells is applied less directly, working its way to the oar blades via the rest of the body, ultimately through the arms.

Watercycles have been seen chiefly as rather silly looking paddle wheel devices suitable for amusement park rides. Yet, back in 1985 when Garry Hoyt introduced his Waterbug at the Newport, Rhode Island Small Boat Show, which I have included in this issue, a pedal powered proa from California appeared that effortlessly pedalled away from the rest of the oar and paddle crowd in the races held there.

The application of human leg power to small boat propulsion certainly lacks the entrenched historic precedents behind the accepted forms of arm and torso power used in rowing and paddling, but it does appear to offer merits of its own. We'll find out.

## Looking Ahead...

Ron Hoddinott shares with us his "Cedar Key Journal"; and Anne Harrington brings us her "subjective and biased" report on "The Essex River Row".

Alan Glos tells of being "Lost in the Fog on Mexico Bay"; George Hilliker describes how it is "Sailing in a Picnic Cooler"; Phil Thiel begins a serial on canal cruising in Europe in his "Banana Boat Boys"; Dick Harrington continues with Part 2 of his Maine coast small boat cruise in "Thread of Life"; and we have Part 2 of Chapter 9 of Nathaniel Bishop's ongoing "Four Months in a Sneakbox".

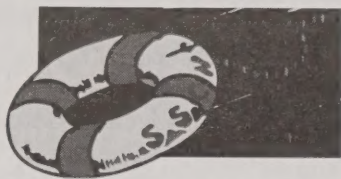
Dave Wellens introduces his 19' Chinese rigged pocket cruiser "Kamakai"; Sharon Brown chronicles a long winter of volunteer small boat work in "Winter at the Mystic Boat-house"; Charles Mantis offers Part 3 of his "Sailing on the Cheap"; and Steve Anderson reports on an uninvited visitor in his boatshop in "Slithering Through the Workshop".

Sam Overmann expresses his delight with his latest boat in "Love is a Mirage"; Dan Sheehan announces that he is now building Bart Hawthaway's designs in "Cal-Tek Now Building Rob Roy Canoes"; Richard Carlsen's "Dreamboats" investigates "The Ghost Boat"; and we are awaiting arrival of Phil Bolger & Friend's latest design report.

## On the Cover...

To kick off a planned series on interesting pedal powered boats, we find the Editor afloat in the first to become available for a tryout, the Nauticraft Escapade. There's a really full report featured in this issue.





## Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

### Routine Patrol

Most Coast Guard Auxiliary safety patrols here in southeast North Carolina are routine. I normally cover some 20 miles of the intracoastal waterway and, since there are two commercial towing companies working the same stretch of water, it is seldom these days, that I have an "assist". While I carry a net to scoop up floating trash, I can happily report that it is seldom needed. Over the past few years, boaters have become much more

environmentally conscious.

Despite that, routine patrols are useful. First, of course, we are there and available in case of need, a Coast Guard presence on a busy weekend. But there is sometimes more, as last Sunday's patrol demonstrated.

It was within the first forty five minutes on the water that a sharp-eyed crew member spotted something floating. The object turned out to be a 6' 6"x6" timber, just barely awash

and most definitely a hazard to navigation. We took it onboard, not without difficulty, and felt that the entire patrol was justified. An hour later, as we checked out a local marina for pollution, we discovered one of the entrance channel markers was missing. It was an important one as there are several other dayboards in the immediate area and it would be easy for a stranger attempting entrance to the marina to run aground. The marina owners were unaware of the problem and promised to correct it.

In our fourth hour we came across a federal dayboard which was upside down. The top bolt has worked loose and the board had swung through 180 degrees and was very difficult to read. That was reported by radio to our controlling Coast Guard station.

The final event of the five hour patrol came shortly before we returned to our marina. A 17' whaler came alongside. "Could you do a Vessel Safety Check?" We pulled over to a nearby dock and discovered that I had checked this particular boat for the past four years and the skipper wanted to update his decal. Since he knew the drill, that was swiftly accomplished.

We returned to the dock after this "routine" patrol with a pleasant sense of accomplishment and look forward to doing it again very soon.

## An Interview With Perennial Blackburn Challenge Rower Henry Szostek

There are many fixtures in the Blackburn Challenge. Most are geographical ones such as Annisquam Lighthouse, Halibut Point, Thacher's Island, Eastern Point, etc. There is however one person who is as much a fixture of this event as any of those geographical locations. Henry Szostek was there to row the very first Blackburn Challenge back in 1987 and he has rowed every Blackburn since. He is the only person who can make that claim. Quite a feat when you think about it!

Over the years, Henry has served the Cape Ann Rowing Club in many capacities including having been both President and Vice-President. Every fall, Henry conducts his Misery Island Race which has a unique flavor all its own. When not out on the water, Henry lives and works in Prides Crossing, Massachusetts, where he operates his own business, H.M.S., Henry's Machine Shop.

Another passion of Henry's is motorcycle riding. He has a stable full of bikes including a Moto Guzzi, Cagiva, Junak, and Rokon. Recently, Henry was asked some questions about his rowing and herewith are his responses:

**Q.** How did you get started in rowing?

**A.** In my youth I only rowed a couple of boats and those only once or twice. One was a Maine built peapod waterlogged and heavy but it had the ability to move with uncanny ease and carried well between strokes. The memory of its motion remains with me still.

In 1973, I purchased a fiberglass peapod from Sam Crocker, a John Lindsay design and used it for many years in all kinds of conditions. I had great faith in it until the day I turned it over in the Merrimack River while trying to right a daysailer that had been blown over on its mooring. It was there in the river while I was treading water next to a fiberglass boat, that had about as much bouyancy as an old boot, that I became a born again believer in built-in flotation, be it plastic foam or multiple sealed airspaces.

**Q.** Do you still feel the same about rowing as when you started?

**A.** When I first started rowing regularly, I thought that rowing would be a good form of exercise. Since advancing to sliding seat rowing, I have become convinced that it is about the best form of exercise possible. I have had the good fortune to row with people in their 70s and 80s and I want to be that fit when I am 80.

**Q.** How often do you row these days?

**A.** When the weather permits, I row three or four days a week, or more if I can.

**Q.** Where is your favorite stretch of water for rowing?

**A.** The nearest place to row for me is Salem Sound, in and around the islands from Manchester to Marblehead, with an occasional trip to Gloucester and once or twice a season a loop around Halfway Rock and Newcombs Ledge.

**Q.** Why do you race?

**A.** I find that the middle of the pack is the best place to watch the race from, as you can't see much of anything from shore.

**Q.** What can you tell us about your first boat and the evolution that brought you to your present boat *The Wizard's Advocate*?

**A.** My first boat was the fiberglass peapod that I mentioned earlier. It was open and undecked. Each of the three succeeding boats has had more deck and less cockpit, with more sealed airspaces for flotation. Also each has been longer, leaner, and lighter.

**Q.** As the only person who has completed all thirteen Blackburn Challenges, how would you describe the changes you have seen take place over the years?

**A.** The first Blackburn Challenge was almost exclusively made up of rowing boats. It was, after all, the Cape Ann Rowing Club. We allowed some kayaks in and over the years they have multiplied like rabbits to the point where they now seem to dominate. Whether that's good or bad, I cannot say, but I'll stick to rowing.

## Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium 3 Saturday August 19, 2000 9:00 AM-4:00 PM Haithco Recreation Area Saginaw, Michigan

Open to small wooden boats of all types-boat building seminars & demonstrations-boat raffle & door prizes

Tri-City Amateur Boatbuilders' Website:  
<http://glscs.hypermart.net>  
Information: (517) 781-3546  
e-mail: [gmcquinn@tm.net](mailto:gmcquinn@tm.net)



## ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc., 422 James Street, Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-BOAT (2628), <hq@acbs.org>, <www.acbs.org> Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.

Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.

Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242, (978) 281-4440.

N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.

Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400, (414) 634-2351.

Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

The Thompson Dockside, 10061 Riverside Dr., PMB 143, Toluca Lake, CA 91602.

## BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Boat Building & Water Skills School, PO Box 146, Raquette Lake, NY 13436, (315) 354-5311, <sagamore@telenet.net>

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.

Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies, Foot of Holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@hotmail.com>, <http://www.goerie.com/bcms>.

Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-2916.

Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 684-9798.

CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412.

Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286, (410) 252-9324.

John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913, (978) 388-0162.

Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.

Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.

Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (206) 385-4948.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, <pwbf@libertynet.org>

RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282, (503) 236-2926.

San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123, (415) 929-0202.

Schooner Sultana Shipyard Shipbuilding School, Box 524, Chestertown, MD 21620, (410) 778-6461.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.

## Directory of Activities & Events Organizers for 2000

As the center of a small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are often asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or event. To expedite this networking we publish this listing of all organizations and individuals we know of who offer events and activities.

We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we do not wish to spend a lot of time on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about specific opportunities of interest to them. As an alternative we publish this directory and urge readers to contact those who seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

**In 2000, this directory will appear six times only, in the January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, September 1, and November 1 issues.**

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651.

Wooden Boat Workshop of Door Cty., 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209, (920) 868-3955.

## CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.

Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 846-1983.

## ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442, (954) 725-0640.

## MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331, (781) 934-7555.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2007.

Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543, (508) 540-3954.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.

Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

## MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, PO Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812, (518) 352-7311.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.

Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.

Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.

Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426, (860) 767-8269.

Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-8681.

Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>

Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7541.

Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.

Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809, (401) 253-5000.

Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401, (914) 338-0071.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415, (215) 925-5439.

Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.

Iowa Great Lakes Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 726, 243 W. Broadway, Arnolds Park, IA 51331, (712) 332-5264, <captainsteve@ncn.net>, www.okobojimuseum.org>.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.

Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.

Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796, (516) 854-4974.

Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.

Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.

Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861, (800) 923-0444.

Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.

Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759, (757) 596-2222.

Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.

Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.

Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291, (414) 276-5664.

Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (860) 572-5315.

New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA, (508) 997-0046.

Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.

Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970, (978) 745-9500.

Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-1662.

James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.

San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101, (919) 234-9153.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.

Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.

United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.

USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.

Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035, (805) 984-6260.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

## MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.

Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 442-0097.



Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.

Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.

U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.

U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

## ONE DESIGN SAILING

Albacore One-Design Class, c/o Peter Duncan, 550M Ritchie Hwy. #144, Severna Park, MD 21146. (410) 431-05480; e-mail sailfaster@aol.com; website <http://www.my-town.com/sailing>.

American Canoe Assoc. Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.

Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.

Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.

New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wells Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430. <wmpile@excite.com> <[www.capecod.net/sqgt/nebcca](http://www.capecod.net/sqgt/nebcca)>.

San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>

Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.

West Wight Potter's Assoc., Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

## PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.

Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.

Hulbert Outdoor Center, RRI Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.

Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.

Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.

Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, PO Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202, (914) 634-9466.

New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.

New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.

Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.

Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.

Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.

Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667, (803) 643-3800.

## ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.

Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.

Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.

Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club, c/o Jeff McLaughlin, 121 Sheffield Rd., Brewster, MA 02631, (508) 896-5363, <[www.c4.net/viking](http://www.c4.net/viking)>

Conn. River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.

East Ruer Crew, c/o Tori Gilbert, 22 E. 89th St., New York, NY 10128.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162

Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.

Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.

Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.

New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.

Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.

Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.

Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

Saquiish Rowing club, c/o Mike Jenness, 2142 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333, (508) 378-9986

Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

## SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.

United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

## SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention..

## SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.

Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.

Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.

"Scuzbums" (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society), 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd, San Diego CA 92111, (858) 569-5277, Annie Kolls <Scuzbum@aol.com>

West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

## STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.

New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.

New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.

Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Midebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.

Steamship Historical Soc. of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

## TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.

Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.

Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.

Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.

Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.

Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.

Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> <<http://www.tsca.net/puget/>>

Sacramento TSCA, c/o Robert T. Ratcliff, 2861 San Carlos Dr., Walnut Creek, CA 94598. (925) 939-4073.

South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.

Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.

Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950, <<http://www.tsca.net/>>

Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.

Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.

Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.

TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.

Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.

Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

## TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.

Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

## TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.

World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

## WATERCYCLING

International Watercycle Assoc., 265 Santa Helena, Suite 110, Solana Beach, CA 92075-1538.

## WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.

North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.

Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

## WOODEN BOATS

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

Small Wooden Boat Assoc. of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.

Wooden Boat Found., Cupola House, 2 Pte. Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.

Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.



# You write to us about...

## Information of Interest...

### 4th Year for Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium

Where did the last 3 years go? Actually almost 4 years ago, I started planning the first annual Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium while attending a cedar strip canoe building class. The idea came about during several conversations with mutual friends and admirers of small wooden craft. We felt that there should be a small craft specific event instead of the mahogany runabout shows, so typical in the Great Lakes. The runabout shows were interesting enough, although we agreed that while attending these shows, we always migrated over to the handful of small craft, usually off in a corner of their own. Other small craft enthusiasts were very inquisitive and usually involved in serious discussions about every aspect of the construction or restoration of each craft. There was a definite interest with a very real movement towards small boat building and restoration.

Saginaw, Michigan is not your typical Mecca of small craft enthusiasts, although in a *Field of Dreams* sort of way, I felt this type of event could be held just about anywhere and succeed if you went about it in the right way. The basic concept of giving small craft enthusiasts a place to display their small wooden craft, while educating people with the desire to build or restore the small craft of their dreams, gave us the threshold to build on. Some think that openly encouraging vendor participation would make the event too commercial, although I feel the experience of those who can make a few dollars perfecting a design, procedure or boat building and restoration technique, can only add to the educational value of the event. This is why we have never charged either vendors or participants an entrance fee to our event.

As in the past, this year's event will include seminars and demonstrations on topics such as working with epoxy, scarfing of plywood along with tool blade sharpening, stitch and glue work, building polysails, taking off lines, etc. This is a hands-on event with the focus on boatbuilding and restoration and we highly encourage participation in all the demonstrations. Expanding on our theme this year, we are encouraging model boat builders and outboard collectors to attend. We have arranged to have a temporary boat ramp in place along with a 1-day park rule variance, allowing small powered boats in the lake. There will be door prizes along with a raffle for a completed Cajun Pirogue, donated by the Tri-City Amateur Boatbuilders, with all proceeds going to a local charity. Our usual "unusual" award system is in place and was the talk of last year's event. There is no admission to this event, although, the Saginaw County Parks division charges \$5 a car, per day to enter Haithco Recreation Area. Sorry but pets are not allowed.

Anyone interested in more information or to register can call: (517) 781-3546 or e-mail

<gmccuinn@tm.net>. Our web site is <http://glscs.hypermart.net> and has on-line registration and map.

Gerald McQuinn, Tri-City Amateur Boatbuilders, 2510 Sierra Dr., Saginaw, MI 48609.

### Lawley Rendezvous on Site in 2000

This year, for the first time, the annual Lawley Rendezvous and Symposium will be held on the site of the George Lawley & Son Corp. shipyard in Neponset, Massachusetts, 10 minutes south of downtown Boston. From 13 to 16 July, up to a dozen Lawley yachts and tenders, built between 1898 and 1938 will visit the old Lawley yard. From 18' to 60' long, they will arrive from home ports ranging from Baltimore to Toronto.

The Rendezvous will be hosted by the Port Norfolk Yacht Club which now occupies the old Lawley yard. The annual Lawley Symposium will be held on Saturday, 15 July, for the owners of Lawley yachts, curators of museums with Lawley collections and anyone interested in yachting history. The Lawley Homecoming will coincide with Sail Boston 2000, the visit of Tall Ships 2000 to Boston.

Albert Hickey, Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931

### Whaling City Rowing Club News

The New Bedford Harbor Trustee Council has granted preliminary approval to WCRC's request for \$250,000 to build a Community Rowing Boathouse on New Bedford harbor. While there is a public comment period and a study that must be conducted prior to final approval, this is a great step forward for the Club and our community. With a boathouse, we will be able to expand our youth and adult rowing programs and play a larger role in the revitalization of our city and region.

The WCRC's education programs continue to grow. We will be offering a youth rowing program this summer and have expanded our after-school program to include sixth graders in "Harbor Stories", which introduces them to the rich and diverse stories, past and present, of New Bedford harbor.

In the Club's adult rowing program, we collaborated with Buzzards Bay Kayak for a picnic row around West Island on June 17, worked with the Coalition for Buzzards Bay to clean up Palmer's Island on June 24, and are preparing for the largest ever Independence Day Whaleboat Races as part of SummerFest in July. The WCRC also participated in Maritime Heritage Day and AHA! in May.

I am very proud to be part of an organization that is enriching the lives of so many youth and adults in our region. In order to sustain all this good work, however, we need more help. I can tell you from firsthand experience

### Walter Fullam Passes Away

Walter recently passed away suddenly. He always loved *MAIB* and was delighted to see *Four Months in a Sneakbox* serialized in recent issues.

Dorothy Fullam, Princeton, NJ

**Editor Comments:** Walter was responsible for encouraging us to publish Bishop's *Voyage of the Paper Canoe* about ten years ago, and more recently the current *Four Months in a Sneakbox*. While these sorts of small boats enchanted him, he was also an avid antique runabout enthusiast and in his early years was a serious outboard racer. He has been a major booster of our publication all these years, for which we say again, thank you Walter.

## Opinions...

### Funny What You Learn

I believe I opined earlier that if Bolger ran for president I'd vote for him. But Bolger, in my view, doesn't need to run for president. He already sits at the right hand of the Almighty.

In this new year I'd like to change my vote to Richard Carsten. In a letter in the April 15, '99, issue, he stated my views of Bolger and boat design a whole lot better than I was ever able to.

Funny what you learn over the years, if you keep your mind open. This poor kid used to get a chance once or twice a year to watch the privileged run around in their Chris Crafts. The first thing I learned is that you never sit in the seat. You sit on the back of the seat and steer with your feet.

I never formed an opinion of how those '50s Chris Crafts operated. But, at the old boat show in Hessel, Michigan, I saw samples of the old Chris Crafts operating alongside current outboard or in/out hulls. No comparison! Can anybody doubt that boat design, along with most other things, has advanced in 50 years?

I discovered on the third floor of the library at Michigan State U. bound copies of *Motor Boating* magazine from about 1910 to 1960. They, of course, were full of Billy Atkin plans and your readers will know better than most folks how much time I spent poring over them when I was supposed to be studying. As a matter of fact, I was studying.

One thing I noted. For about the last ten years, Billy A. designed a lot of flat bottom boats. Among them were Bear (I think), a 26' or so power cruiser, and a 45' gaff cutter. He also had a skinny 23' outboard that he claimed would go 18mph on 12hp. Of course, we all know horsies were a lot more powerful in those ancient days.

My brother owns a 28' sailboat with a full keel. I go over about once a summer a take a ride but we never talk boats. He's convinced that if it doesn't have a full keel it doesn't exist. Or at least it doesn't sail.

Maybe I should be angry. Bolger has completely ruined me for "ordinary" boat plans. You've published several of his kids' boats, and other simple boats, the plans of which I've hoarded. It's getting so I have a hard time reading a plan that requires more



than one sheet. Raus mit der instructions. I already know how to cut a board three times and still have it too short.

I own all of Bolger's books, except the novel, and used to have considerable of them memorized. I watched him develop his stitch-and-glue, or tack-and-tape methods. I'm sure other designers deserve credit, too, but Bolger also wrote and published and got his stuff known. Maybe that's part of the problem.

I recall when *Small Boat Journal* published his June Bug plan and somebody cancelled his subscription. Well, I don't argue boat design. I just state my position and see who moves to another group.

Ron Lavolette, St. Ignace, MI

### Little Children in Small Boats

My telling of how my parents let all us little kids go wandering off in small boats in my "Reynolds Crew" stories in last November's issues emphasizes how they believed that early responsibility for little children is how you teach them to think about what they are doing so they won't grow up helpless.

I have been taking videos of the doings in the shop since about '93 or so. I did it to shatter the illusions of distant prospective customers, and it works too. There are little filthy babies crawling around on the floor with the scraps and shavings in almost every scene, kind of like background noise. One customer couple was shocked because there was an unguarded fireplace blazing in the background. "What about the baby and that terrible fire?" they yelled "Oh," said my son, who was also raised like that, "She knows not to put too many shavings in there."

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

Fishing in the old Grumman Sport boat. No PFD's...that's my pond, my business, my worm.



## Poet's Corner...

### The Alphabet of Sailing

**A** is for all-aboard, that pleasureable feeling,  
When soon out from the dock  
You'll be scudding and heeling.

**B** is for boating, a difficult task;  
Not for a guest who knows  
The boom from the mast.

**C** is for cat, one sail on one hull;  
Not the pontooned trampoline  
Said to outfly the gull.

**D** is for docking, not always great fun  
When the boat you are steering  
Weighs more than a ton.

**E** is for ease, how the real sailor feels  
In sensing the wind's strength  
By the angle she heels.

**F** is for foam that you hear hiss by  
As you taste the salt spray  
And squint at the sky.

**G** is for gybing, a tricky maneuver  
Which capsizes landlubbers  
From Maine to Vancouver.

**H** is for hogged, not the same as "hull down";  
If fine sheer makes you smile,  
This will give you a frown.

**I** is for irons, when, if ever you're in,  
Sails filled all around you,  
You're filled with chagrin.

**J** is for jib, a small sail in the bow;  
If you can't set it right  
You'd better learn how!

**K** is for ketch, as distinguished from yawl,  
A snare for pseudo-admirals  
Not quite on the ball.

**L** is for leech, which is aft of the luff;  
If you sail with both fluttering  
You don't know your stuff.

The skipper brings us all home safely.

**M** is for "Man the decks", women included;  
Men who think women can't  
Are plainly deluded.

**N** is for nylon, which might stretch and sag;  
A sail made of dacron  
Won't look like a bag.

**O** is for ocean; don't dare try to cross it.  
It's a bit more water  
Than comes from a faucet.

**P** is for painter, at the bow of a row boat.  
The line you secure  
To the stern of a tow boat.

**Q** is for quaint, as an antiquarian's yacht;  
But deadeyes "cool" skippers will  
Find not so "hot".

**R** is for rail, which a strong wind puts under;  
Keep an eye on the sky  
And an ear out for thunder.

**S** is for sailing, the best sport of all;  
On the horizon a full sail  
From what port of call?

**T** is for tacking, when an amateur crew  
Keeps backing the jib  
By holding the clew.

**U** is for under, where a wave buries the bow,  
And causes you to wonder  
"How do I get out of this now?"

**V** is for vang, as in boom-vang-gear,  
An appreciated gadget  
When the wind's on your rear.

**W** is for wandering, in the wind, on the waves,  
On the water all around you  
As you learn how it behaves.

**X** is for xeroxes of the plans of your boat,  
To check what went wrong  
When it ceases to float.

**Y** is for yawing, while swinging the tiller;  
Wave mountains surround you,  
It's really a thriller.

**Z** is for Zachary, an Eastern Shore cap'n;  
All the skipjacks steered clear of him  
Lest his "no rules" might zap 'em.

Charles Hewins, Philadelphia, PA





## Chapter 1:

May 30, 1999, full moon: While the heathens were snoring in their beds Saturday night, the Sea Pearl 21 *Vodex: Vextok* was far afield from its berth upon the Swan River. We left the marina at about 8pm to greet the rising full moon. The deep red upper limb was already creeping up over the horizon by the time we had reached the mouth of the creek. A robust southwest wind tending to the west required a few reefs to keep things manageable on board. In perfect synch with the moon rise, the last vestige of twilight was fading rapidly, and on this Memorial Day weekend there were numerous pleasure craft hurrying off to reach their holiday destinations before nightfall.

But as darkness fully overtook the bay we found ourselves alone in the night, whitecaps surging beneath our stern light. To the west, in Davis Park, Sailor's Haven, the Pines, and other holiday spots, people were tipping drinks to welcome the advent of the summer season. To the east, certain creatures of the night were also welcoming summer, but with a slightly different plan. We intended to join their company.

Our destination is bereft of such modern conveniences as navigational aids (the seven miles of federal wilderness stretching between Watch Hill and Smith's Point to the east actually comprise the only truly unlit coast left on all on Long Island's 120 or so miles of shoreline). I planned, then, to make for Watch Hill, the closest light to the intended destination, and then turn east. At roughly 9pm I put the helm over and began the eastward track along the barrier island. Navigation was difficult as the spring tides had flooded over the marsh banks, obscuring land's end. Marsh grasses, looming suddenly from amid vague moonlight-induced shadows swayed above the wave tops. Now the *Vodex: Vextok* was weathering an unexpected point of land, now it was surging downwind towards the black, amorphous forms of distant dunes. Flashlights were useless, throwing back blinding light from an atmosphere thick with humidity. We navigated by shadows alone; a dragging rudder serving as our depth gage.

A bit less than an hour of feeling our way along the coast in this manner brought the boat and crew to a certain secluded and infrequently visited beach nestled along the bay. Once a small summer settlement had stood here. Nothing more than squatter's shacks set on poles. When the squatters and land owners on Fire Island had faced the specter of a limited access 4 lane highway being paved through the

# The Great South Bay Horseshoe Crab Report

By Brian Salzano

dunes by an avaricious New York State parks department gone mad in an effort to expand its political control of the region, they had cooperated with the federal government in the establishment of the National Seashore. These few miles were designated a wilderness area, stripped of all structures, and allowed to revert to their natural state. Now there was nothing but reeds, cord grass, and a few stunted, gnarled hollies and scrub pines extending to the south behind a five foot wide sliver of sandy beach.

Even in the moonlight, I could peer overboard and see that our little odyssey had not been in vain. We dropped the hook and stepped into water that was literally alive with thousands of the bizarre, alien creature known by science as *Limulus polyphemus*, and by the rest of us as horseshoe crabs. They were thick to the point where a path to the shore had to be picked gingerly out from among them, some running about by themselves, some linked up in long trains led by females nearly two feet across all heading ultimately for the high tide mark. There they were, piled up three and four deep at the waters edge. Spawning. The females, some of them monstrously huge, encrusted with barnacles, tube worms, and mussels, were burrowing deeply into the sand to lay their tens of thousands of eggs, with the males clinging behind them, waiting for the opportunity to fertilize. Clouds of the small green eggs billowed in the water.

In the hubbub many crabs ended up on their backs, washed up onto dry land. Here they would stay until daylight brought the gulls to pick them clean, were it not for the assistance of your irrepressible correspondent. For the two weeks on either side of the full moon they would continue their frantic pursuit and then slowly make their departure for deeper water where they would remain, waiting for the next Planting Moon to return and beckon them again to the shore.

This massive conglomeration of otherworldly creatures under the faint light of the moon, the gentle lapping of waves, the *Spartina* swaying in the darkness, and the intermittent clunking and scraping of shells in

the quietude combined to make the scene one of primordial eeriness. And primordial it was, for this same scene has taken place under the May full moon for untold millions of years. How many? 100, 200, 300? No one knows for sure. These beasts are truly ancient. They come to us as representatives of a time eons before man's earliest protozoan predecessor even thought to slither from out of the Archeozoic muck. And it is likely that they will still be here pursuing their livelihood long after man has poisoned or murdered himself into extinction.

Or will they? Perhaps not.

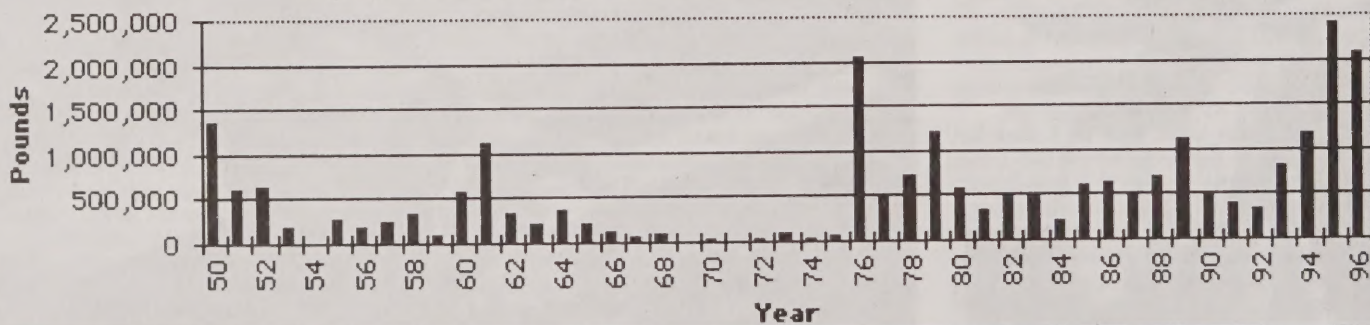
## Chapter 2:

The world is a crowded place, with many mouths to feed. People turn to the sea in order to feed themselves and their families. So long as people fish for themselves, the ocean is nearly infinite in its capacity to provide a living. When man turns his sustenance into industry, and mechanizes the hunt in order to gain profit, history shows repeatedly that the ocean is far from the infinite resource man often believes it to be. Only so much can be taken before it is gone forever. Such was the fate of the cod fish of the Grand Banks, the whales of the Antarctic, even the oysters of my own Great South Bay.

It had, by the late 1980s, also become the fate of the eel fishery in many countries in both Europe and Asia. Not being so favored a dish here in America, eels remained abundant in U.S. waters. As many other more traditional populations had been fished into commercial extinction and there was an available eel population, it was entirely natural for local fisheries to begin the large scale harvesting of eel from Atlantic coastal waters. This is not necessarily a bad thing, if one assumes it to be managed by a capable, knowledgeable society who's interest lies in maintaining sustainable stocks, rather than making a quick buck.

What has this to do with the horseshoe crabs? Quite a bit. Eels favor horseshoe crabs. In particular, they favor the eggs contained within breeding females of the species. This therefore generated a demand for breeding horseshoe crabs commensurate with the world wide demand for eel. By the early nineties, in an effort to supply this demand, the great horseshoe crab hunt was on. This was not the first time industry had exploited the horseshoe crab. Before the advent of chemical fertilizer they had been harvested, dried, and ground up for that same use. Nearly four million horseshoe crabs would be contributing to this effort every year in its heyday at the turn of the

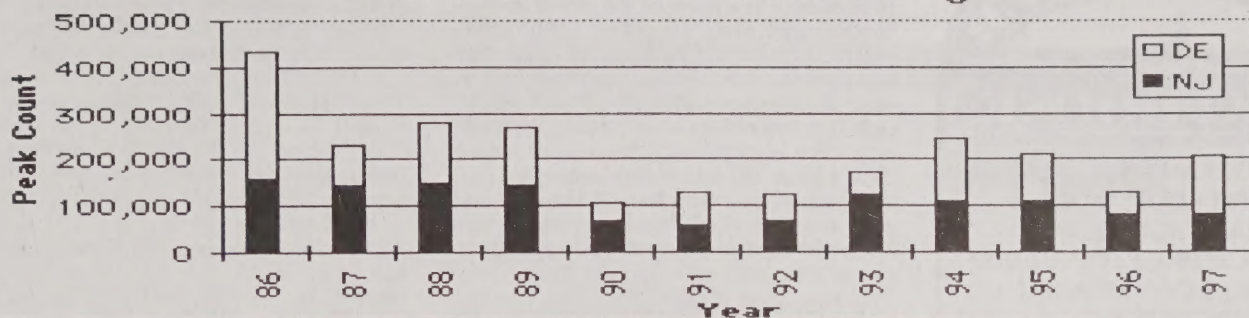
## Reported Atlantic States Horseshoe Crab Landings



Source: National Marine Fisheries Service



## Peak Counts of Shorebirds: Shores of Delaware Bay



Source: Clark and Niles, 1996. Unpubl Rep. NJ Natural Lands Trust

nineteenth century.

This practice had ceased just after World War II with the introduction of chemical fertilizers, and *Limulus polyphemus* had fallen back into obscurity, no more than a curiosity for the beachcomber and a pest to the majority of fisherman, competing with them for other more valuable shellfish stocks. Or so it might have been thought. But with the rise of the eel industry horseshoe crabs suddenly moved in status from a lightly harvested species to a high priority catch in an industry whose traditional harvests were rapidly evaporating.

In these days of dwindling fish stocks and increasingly difficult catches, harvesting of horseshoe crabs was laughably easy. One merely had to wait for the breeding season and pluck them off the beaches by the truck load. The more impatient took to dredging the sea bottom, taking horseshoe crabs in addition to inadvertently destroying whatever else happened to surface with them in the nets.

It's staggering what man can achieve when he puts his mind and industriousness behind the effort. The chart tells it all. Yearly landings hovering around the half million pound level since 1950 shot up to nearly two and a half million by 1995, and kept increasing through 1997 (the 1997 data is not shown on the graph but was well in excess of the 2.5 million mark). The first half of a boom/bust cycle was in full swing.

### Chapter 3:

Man and eels are not the only creatures who have a desire for horseshoe crab eggs. In fact, a number of Arctic migratory fowl, including Red Knots, Sanderlings, Semipalmated plovers, and Ruddy Turnstones not only favor these eggs, but have come to depend almost exclusively on them for sustenance during stopovers in the Chesapeake and Delaware bays, enroute from winter quarters in Argentina to their arctic breeding grounds far in the north of Canada. It's an astounding journey, some flocks will actually clock almost ten thousand miles, one way. All the more amazing is that it is done in three incredibly long legs, the sole stopover point in the northern hemisphere being the east coast of the United States between South Carolina and New Jersey, and the Delaware Bay in particular.

This Mid-Atlantic feeding stop comprises these birds' sole nourishment for the remaining journey of thousands of miles. Here, on our shores, they will spend several weeks gorge-

ing themselves primarily on freshly laid horseshoe crab eggs, fueling up for the last leg of their astonishing journey. Once they depart there will be no stopping until the final destination has been reached. They must therefore take in a massive amount of food in a very short time. Red Knots for instance, will often double their weight in the two or three weeks spent feeding on American shores.

At best, it's a difficult task. Moreover, a bird does not have the luxury to tarry. The Arctic summer is short, and to begin breeding late means chicks may not be ready for the fall migration back to the southern hemisphere.

Increasing amounts of breeding horseshoe crabs taken for bait meant less eggs on the beach. The full impact of this on the shorebirds dependant on the eggs is not entirely obvious. Of course in the short term fewer birds will survive the strenuous trans-hemispheric migration. But there is a far more profound problem. Horseshoe crabs do not reach sexual maturity until they are between 7 and 10 years old. Therefore it takes at least a decade for the horseshoe crab to recover from the ravages of over-fishing even if there is a viable population of immature crabs out at sea. The horseshoe crab, if permitted, may be able to make a recovery. But it's a far different scenario for the shorebirds who depend on their eggs on a yearly basis. Unable to hang around ten years waiting for the food supply to return, they face the unpleasant specter of extinction.

By the mid-nineties regional biologists, Audubon and other bird watching societies, in addition to pharmaceutical interests (to whom horseshoe crab blood is a valuable resource) were taking note of the alarming impact unfettered horseshoe crab harvesting was having on both birds and crabs alike.

As usual, the initial alarms sirens were ignored. There were large and influential commercial interests at stake, and it was easy to challenge short term data which was admittedly varied but showed a definite and significant downward trend over the preceding decade. Delaware and Maryland were the first to take the cue from the environmental community and began to institute catch limits during the middle part of the decade. Nevertheless, in neighboring states the biological hemorrhage continued into 1997 whereupon it reached near catastrophic proportions in New Jersey, the administration of which was forced to institute emergency catch restrictions when the decimated horseshoe crab and fowl populations, part of an ecological system literally

spanning the globe, had become impossible to ignore.

Virginia was the last holdout, waiting until the spring of 1999 before being forced to impose restrictions. Virginia, while capping in-state limits earlier, had for years refused to put catch limits on out-of-state harvests, purposely providing fisheries up and down the coast with a loophole around strict limits imposed in neighboring states. This calculated and irresponsible policy was curtailed only in May of this year, when the interstate Atlantic States Marine Fisheries Commission finally decided to put the lid down on a national basis, effectively cutting Virginia's out-of-state take by nearly 85% of 1998 levels. Unfortunately, the 1998 levels were the highest ever recorded in the state, so whether or not this is too little too late remains to be seen.

It appears, possibly, and for the moment at least, that this one environmental wound, among many, created through global fisheries depletion has been stanchied by concerted efforts of a number of dedicated organizations.

### Chapter 4:

Back on the beach, it was midnight, and the moon had reached its zenith. The haze had cleared and the bay basked in the sharp, pale moonlight. The two hours since we arrived had passed in what seemed an instant. The crabs, ignoring our presence, were fully engaged in their pursuits on the crest of the tide. We finished our coffee and reluctantly started the trip back towards the lights of the mainland. The wind had fallen to the merest breath, just enough to make headway, and with a bright full moon at our backs, the *Vodex:Vextok* slid silently over a dark, glassy bay for almost two hours until we found ourselves in a dead, silent calm. Oars were broken out for the last mile or so of the trip, and everyone was back home by 2am, where at least one sojourner experienced nightmares as a result of the unearthly visions he had beheld this evening.

### Chapter 5:

The beach which had by night been transformed into an extraterrestrial vision was now, by daylight, just another quiet backwater along the north shore of Fire Island. It was a few days past the full moon. The morning was beautiful, warm southwest breeze, bright sun, clear water. I sailed up to within a few yards of the shore, secured, and waded in. There were a dozen or so flipped crabs strung out along the sand, drying in the sun. Some the gulls had beaten me to, feasting on the tender





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gills exposed on the underside of the otherwise heavily armored animal.

The gulls scattered as I came ashore and flocked over to a point on the marsh about a hundred yards away where they waited impatiently. There were still a few crabs which they hadn't made it to yet. For how many hours these unfortunate creatures had been trying to right themselves I could only guess. High tide must have been at least 6 hours prior. I gave them a hand and sent them scooting off into the shallows, and then knelt at the high tide mark and scooped up a handful of sand. It was laden with hundreds of small green eggs, about two or three millimeters across. Four weeks from now, upon the next full moon, I would be returning to watch these hatch. I re-buried the eggs in the same spot I had removed them from.

Horseshoe crabs are not a significant commercial harvest from the Great South Bay, and at least for the time being, they thrive even though so much of their breeding ground has been lost to bulkheading and other human development. It would be speculation on my part as to whether the measures being taken further south in the Mid-Atlantic states will ensure the long term survival of the crabs and those species dependant upon it. What more can be done than to stay informed, and strive to make one's voice heard when it is necessary?

As I made ready to sail, I surveyed the expanse of marsh before me, wondering what its own time-frame for survival against the onslaught of population and developmental pressures might be. I thought about the heron, osprey, and bald eagle populations that once

thrived here. The bald eagles are gone for good. The osprey and herons have been reduced to a handful of specimens strong enough or lucky enough to survive the ravages of DDT, now tenaciously exploiting the few remaining habitats spared from the bulldozer.

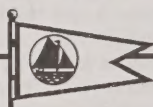
I thought of how twenty years ago a person could almost walk across the bay on the number of clam boats working the bottom. Today, because of the Red Tide, the fleet has been reduced to a few dozen men working long hours for little money. Over on the ocean side of Fire Island the piping plover is in serious decline due to unrelenting habitat encroachment, and will likely be gone within the lifetimes of most of the readers of this article (amazingly, the park administration still maintains that incomprehensible policy which allows unleashed dogs and the cursed SUV to roam the beaches at will during the plover's breeding season! My letters of admonishment to the park commissioner have gone unanswered). I backed the main and put the helm over, turning the *Vodex: Vextok* downwind, and wondered what mankind might do were it to find itself one day, finally, alone upon a dead planet?

#### Notes:

1. *Limulus lysate* is an extract taken from horseshoe crab blood which is used world wide to detect the presence of bacteria and endotoxins in blood donations, medications, and other medical supplies. It provides for an extremely sensitive and accurate test. Wisely, the horseshoe crab is not killed during this process, the processor takes a "donation" of about a quarter of an individual's blood, and the animal is returned alive to the water. Interestingly, a horseshoe crab's blood is copper based, rather than iron based as is ours. It is therefore bright blue when exposed to air.

2. General Note: The plight of the horseshoe crab and the shorebirds it supports has been well documented on the internet (and it is a fine thing to see the internet being used for democratic purposes rather than the standard crass commercialism which seem to poison it and everything else we do today). Those interested in further details surrounding this issue may find these two sites a good place to begin: [www.virtualbirder.com/vbirder/realbirds/dbhsc/Intro.html](http://www.virtualbirder.com/vbirder/realbirds/dbhsc/Intro.html) or [www.audubon.org/campaign/horseshoe/](http://www.audubon.org/campaign/horseshoe/)

These will provide links to most of the other pertinent sites. Try also [www.virtualbirder.com/vbirder/realbirds/dbhsc/SBMigration.html](http://www.virtualbirder.com/vbirder/realbirds/dbhsc/SBMigration.html) and [www.usnews.com/usnews/issue/990705/crabs.htm](http://www.usnews.com/usnews/issue/990705/crabs.htm)

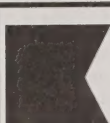


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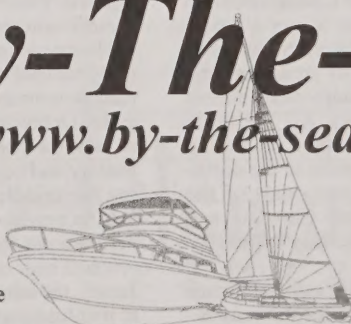
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Round Pond was a pleasant surprise. It not only boasts an excellent harbor but happens to have an outstanding public launching facility, a spacious paved ramp with a sizeable dinghy dock.

It was the first day of September. The delightfully narcotic smell of the tidal marsh filled my head, while a clear blue sky and bright morning sun promised the continuation of nice summer weather. *Blue Mist* and I were back once again on the Maine coast and all was well with the world. My tiredness from the long drive from Ohio, with very little sleep, evaporated as I walked across the narrow two-lane road to a small coffee shop. I had stopped in the tiny village of Bristol, Maine to get some breakfast. Round Pond Harbor, my destination, was only 4 or 5 miles away. From there I would depart for a 10-day, late summer cruise in my 16' Wayfarer.

Round Pond, Harbor Island, Pemaquid Point, The Gut, Love Cove, Five Islands, Thread of Life; these are the names of a few places that would end up on my itinerary this year. They are not only interesting sounding names, but are also signposts to some of the most wonderful cruising waters this side of heaven. This is true whether your boat is a luxurious yacht or a small open dinghy, such as my Wayfarer.

I feel very lucky. Each year, I manage to get in a considerable amount of racing and cruising, many thanks to my loving and understanding wife, Margie. This would be my second cruise in 1998. The first cruise, on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay, was in June. Following that in July, Margie and I traveled to Svendborg, Denmark to participate in the week-long Wayfarer International Cruising Rally, sailing among the picturesque islands of the Baltic Sea (no, we didn't take *Blue Mist* with us!). All of which is in addition to participating in the usual out of town weekend racing regattas and our regular club meets.

Though it may appear so, we are not among the affluent. A Wayfarer we can afford; a yacht we cannot. But how many yachtsmen can cruise both the Chesapeake and the coast of Maine in the same year? Not many, I bet. For me, the best and only way to experience cruising, especially on the coast of Maine, is in my Wayfarer. She is a terrifically seaworthy craft with more than adequate space and comfort for one, even two people, for this kind of cruising.

This year's Maine "adventure" (all three of my Maine cruises have been memorable)

## Thread of Life Part 1 Ten Days of Adventure on the Coast of Maine in a 16' Sailboat

By Dick Harrington

(Copyright 1999 by R. C. Harrington)

would take me to some new territory, a part of the coast sometimes referred to as the "central coast" region. This is the stretch of coast beginning with Casco Bay to the west, and extending east to encompass Muscongus Bay. For the first time, I would be sailing Maine in early September, which occasionally can be quite autumn-like, which means cooler temperatures and stronger winds. On the other hand, September brings drier air, thus less fog and, more often than not, pleasant weather.

Regardless, I was anticipating more challenging sailing conditions than I had experienced during my prior mid-summer cruises. As I got ready, I was both excited and apprehensive. I'm always a little nervous at the beginning of a cruise. The dangers of Maine's coastal waters are not to be taken lightly, but this time my experience earlier in the year, capsizing in a thunderstorm on Chesapeake Bay, was fresh in my mind. Adding to that, as I got myself and *Blue Mist* ready to leave, Margie made sure I didn't forget about the dangers involved. My solo trips to Maine for weeks at a time worry her considerably. Until this year, I had convinced her that the Chesapeake was safer. Now she is the wiser to that as well.

By doing the central coast, as opposed to venturing further down east where conditions are typically less predictable and more challenging, I figured I had a better chance of good weather. Also, I feel that this part of the coast offers better protection for a small boat. Smart, or lucky, this turned out to be a wise decision. While the central and southern coasts enjoyed fair weather during most of my cruise, rain and fog persisted along the Down East coast.

When it comes to coastal cruising, even on the generally well-protected waters of Maine, there is no such thing as being over prepared. My Chesapeake Bay experience taught me a lesson. In several ways, I had gotten sloppy and maybe a little careless. I resolved to do better on this trip. Before leaving, I made a couple of additional improvements to *Blue Mist*, and went over all her gear thoroughly, or so I thought.

"Round Pond - Off to a Good Start": At least for me, the first day of a cruise is often not well organized. This is especially true as I'm almost always departing from some new, unfamiliar place. Previous to this point, I had been so busy getting myself and *Blue Mist* ready, that I didn't have time to completely formulate a sailing plan. I usually have a pretty good idea where I want to be by the second or third day, with a rough plan thereafter; the first day, however, is left up in the air. The first day presents many unknowns that can't be assessed beforehand, such as launching conditions, catching the tide, where to park the car and trailer, obtaining last minute supplies, filling water jugs, and so on. Finally, there was the laborious task of loading the boat, trying to get all the important items stowed in such a way that they could be found later; it all took much longer than originally thought.

In this instance, Round Pond was a pleasant surprise. It not only boasts an excellent harbor, but happens to have an outstanding public launching facility, a spacious paved ramp with a sizable dinghy dock! None of my previous departure points had been anything so nice. This meant that, even though the tide had been ebbing for a couple of hours (the tidal range here varies 8' to 10'), I was able to get *Blue Mist* launched without the usual delay. I was afloat and done loading sooner than anticipated. The weather, everything, was cooperating beautifully and I was elated. By 1300 hours, I was on the phone with Margie at her place of work letting her know I was ready to cast off.

The general store next to the Methodist Church, behind which my Blazer and trailer were parked, would be a place Margie could call in case she should not hear from me and become worried. The woman running the store was kind and understanding, agreeing to keep



my note with all pertinent information, such as home address, phone numbers, planned date of return, etc. That was for emergency purposes only. The normal routine would be for me to check in with Margie every second or third day so that she would know where I was, my next port o' call, and that I was OK. She was at work, chained to a desk and computer. I was free, at the edge of the wonderful sea, with my spirit soaring high in the sky like the majestic osprey, about to embark upon another sailing adventure. Saying good-bye to my sweet wife, I felt a twinge of guilt. Then, I was on my way.

"Learning My Lessons All Over Again": It's always amazing to me, being an inland sailor, how acutely tuned my British acquaintances are to ocean tides and currents. Of course in places like the Chesapeake, where the tidal range for the most part is only around a foot, ignoring these influences poses fewer problems. Sailing Maine's waters, however, presents a different story. Even though strong overfalls and currents are not as prevalent as around the UK, because water depths are greater and drop-offs are quicker, one still needs to pay attention to the tides. But, I would need to be reminded of this facet of navigation.

Facing onto Muscongus Bay, Round Pond lies on the east side of Pemaquid Peninsula, a high, prominent, north-south ridge of spruce-covered granite that juts far out into the sea. The part of the coast I planned to explore on this cruise was west of Pemaquid Peninsula, toward the mighty Sheepscott River. Rounding the peninsula, which is not always a piece of cake, would be the first challenge.

The weather was perfect, crisp and clear, with bright sunshine. Visibility seaward was the sharpest I had ever experienced in Maine. There was no trace of the usually prevalent southwesterly haze. Distant islands were visible that I had never seen before. All of the northeastern US had come under the influence of a large, slow moving, pleasant Canadian high-pressure system. I had lucked out; September, indeed, was wonderful! All reports assured me that the weather the next several days would be summer-like and enjoyable, the only negative being that breezes would be mostly light. With such fair conditions and having gotten a good start, my thoughts were to go right ahead and round Pemaquid Point now, making the plunge westward. However, I soon discovered that this was naive thinking.



Allen Island, before me a bold rounded top spruce clad island meets the sea with large slabs and boulders of shiny granite, worn smooth from countless crashing waves.

The Port Clyde General Store fulfills the important job of catering to the needs of the many people who spend at least a part of the year at residences on the many islands and other remote corners of Muscongus Bay, as well as the locals and fishermen.



Like most inland sailors, when it comes to dealing with tides and currents I have to learn my lessons all over again each time. Headed south down Muscongus Sound, a narrow stretch of water between the peninsula and neighboring Louds Island, I found myself beating into a weak fluky wind, while bucking a vigorous flood tide. Two hours and only about that many miles later, I finally escaped the tiderip. Any prospect of rounding the Point was gone. Having gotten onto expansive Muscongus Bay and at last free of the wind shadow of the surrounding high bluffs, *Blue Mist* was finally catching a great sea breeze. But, with the sun now low in the sky, it was time to change plans.

Huge Muscongus Bay is endowed with an incredible myriad of islands and uncountable, frequently treacherous, ledges and rocks. It is an unbelievably interesting place for any form of sailing or cruising. From my last cruise there in '96, I remembered that "Taft" (My bible is *A Cruising Guide to the Maine Coast* by Hank and Jan Taft, used by just about all boaters cruising in Maine) mentioned the confluence of Allen and Burnt Islands as an attractive anchorage. Back then, I hadn't had the occasion to stay there. Now, I heave-to to examine the chart. Allen Island is only 7 nautical miles to the east, there being half a dozen or so of those tricky, invisible ledges and rocks in between to dodge. After laying out a course, I turn east. *Blue Mist* is laid over, with her lee rail in the sea, as we rollick along on a broad reach, doing 5-1/2 knots, skimming the foam off of the crests of waves. What a heavenly, fast sail it was. Pemaquid Point could wait until tomorrow.

"A Restless Night at Allen Island": It is at the beginning of a cruise, that you are most likely to discover a problem or make an error in judgment. You have not yet acclimated to the cruising environment and you are tired. That is why most experienced sailors suggest starting out with just a short uncomplicated sail the first day. I remember one occasion when I discovered I was missing an important item. I had just bought a small Coleman lantern and, to my surprise, the box did not include the mantels. That night, when I discovered my error, I was glad that I had anchored only a half-mile away from the launch. Returning to my car and to the store the next morning was not such a big hassle. This cruise would prove to be no exception.

What a grand evening. The sea lies still and flat. To the west the setting sun, a glorious deep red, casts soft golden rays upon the surrounding land and water. Before me, a bold, rounded top, spruce-clad island meets the sea with large slabs and boulders of shiny granite, worn smooth from countless crashing waves. Enjoying the moment while savoring a bottle of my favorite Samuel Adams Stout, I finished cleaning up after dinner. Then, as the sun drops behind the island, I begin to feel the chill of a fast approaching clear, cool night. I also feel the stings of some hungry mosquitoes drifting out from Allen Island. It's time to get the boom tent up.

Despite all of this bliss, I wasn't completely at ease. As experienced as I am at cruising, I had, it seemed, imprudently anchored in a location that was exposed to potential weather from one direction, the northeast. In the light of day, all seemed fine. But as darkness approached, uneasiness crept in. What if a northeast wind picked up during the night?



This small archipelago, three islands in all, lies several miles out in Muscongus Bay. There is a long fetch in which a sea can build. I might have to move in the dark of the night. Since I rely solely upon wind or oars, and don't use a motor, that could prove difficult.

Earlier, I had mistakenly passed by the proper and safe anchorage. It had appeared as a narrow inlet, choked with lobster pots, and a lobsterman had been there pulling traps. Facing right up to the island's dock and residence, I had thought, no this can't be it, and had felt it more prudent to go around the point and between the two islands. There, tucked in close to a low bluff on Allen Island, I was in the calm of the island's lee and completely alone, except for a family of entertaining osprey. Now, however, lying in my bed inside the little cabin formed by the boom tent, I listened to the steady drum of tumbling surf on the other side of the island. As the sound seemed to get louder, my concern became more acute.

Everything will be fine and the weather outlook is great, I told myself. But then another voice in my brain replied, "Sure, but this is the coast of Maine, things can change quickly here." All right! I would listen to the weather forecast. Switching on my new VHF radio, I toggled to the weather channel (following my capsize on the Chesapeake, Shakespeare, the manufacturer, being unable to fix the old radio, had replaced it with a new one.) There was the familiar beep followed by a handful of the usual introductory words, then silence. The radio went totally dead! I was in shock.

I had checked the radio beforehand at home, then as suggested ran the battery all the way down in order to put a full charge on it. But it was definitely dead as a doornail. My "thorough" equipment checkout clearly had not been so good after all. One does not sail these waters without a radio, or at least a weather radio. I'm sad to say that this was just the beginning of several of such problems.

Nevertheless, common sense prevailing and being very tired, I slept soundly. Nothing bad happened that night. By 09:00 the next morning, I was ready to weigh anchor. Guess what? You bet! A nice land breeze was be-

ginning to blow out of the northeast, and *Blue Mist* was starting to roll uncomfortably.

"Port Clyde, and a General Store": A real general store is a fascinating place. Most people I know find it difficult passing one by without at least thinking of stopping to take a look. One of my favorites is the Port Clyde general store. Port Clyde is a busy place, being the major ferry terminal for travel from the mainland to remote Monhegan Island. This store fulfills the important job of catering to the many people who spend at least part of the year at residences on the many islands and remote corners of Muscongus Bay, as well as the locals and fishermen. The parking lot for cars in front of the store is small, but the dinghy dock in back is large, although it is so busy in the summer with boats coming and going that one cannot tie up for too long. I at least needed to buy a back-up weather radio and, if possible, to try again to charge my VHF. Obviously something had gone wrong with my first attempt, so I didn't much trust it anymore. The Port Clyde general store seemed like my best bet.

Alas, on this occasion I was to be disappointed. No radios of any form were to be had. In this town the general store was it, except for the usual two or three tourists gift shops.

For the time being, the best I could do was plug the VHF, with its portable charger, which I always carry on board, into a wall outlet at the store, then go explore the town for a couple of hours. This would not be very satisfactory, since it takes at least 12 hours to put on a full charge this way (upon returning home, I discovered the charger jack was at fault, so this actually did no good.)

Several hours later, having gotten a little something at one of the tourists shops to bring home for Margie, as well as an updated forecast promising continuing fair weather for the next several days, I headed back out. It wasn't likely that I could do anything about the radio situation before reaching the much busier Boothbay Harbor. That was west of Pemaquid Point and a couple of days away.

The morning's great breeze had gotten me to Port Clyde, a distance of about 4 nautical miles, in little time. I set out still hoping to round the Point. These hopes were soon dashed

by a waning wind and adverse tide. Five miles out of Port Clyde, *Blue Mist* was barely making headway, drifting lazily on a tranquil turquoise sea. The late summer sun, still fierce, bore down from a clear blue sky broken only by a few wispy white clouds. Pemaquid Point Light was a distant 10 nautical miles away, but less than a mile to starboard was lovely Harbor Island. It looked very inviting and a stroll along a deserted beach on such a gorgeous day seemed much more appealing than what I was doing. As if to signal his agreement, just off the starboard bow a porpoise briefly showed me his back.

(To Be Continued)



Arriving at Harbor Island midway on the flood tide, I sailed to the head of the harbor where I found this nice stretch of sandy beach and shells where I could anchor *Blue Mist* in the shallows.

A view of Port Clyde looking out to sea.





One of the chief charms in a boatman's life is its freedom, and what that freedom is no one knows until he throws aside the chains of every-day life, steps out of the worn ruts, and, with his kit beside him, his oar in his hand, feels himself master of his time, and FREE. There is one duty incumbent on the voyager, however, and that is to keep his face set upon his goal. Remembering this, I turned my back upon the beguiling city of New Orleans, with its orange groves and sweet flowers, its old buildings and modern civilization, its French cafés and bewitching oddities of every nature, taking away with me among my most pleasant memories the recollection of the kind hospitality of the gentlemen of the "Southern Boat Club," who presented me with a duplicate of the beautiful silk pennant of their club.

My shortest route to the Gulf of Mexico was through New Basin Canal, six miles in length, into Lake Pontchartrain, and from there to the Gulf. If I had disembarked upon the levee, at the foot of Julia Street, when I arrived in New Orleans, there would have been only a short portage of three-quarters of a mile, in a direct line, to the canal; but my little craft had been left in the keeping of the Southern Boat Club, and the position of their boat-house made a portage of two miles a necessity. An express-wagon was procured, and, accompanied by Mr. Charles Deckbar, a member of the club, the little boat was safely carried through the city streets, and once more shot into her native element in the waters of New Basin Canal. The first part of this canal runs through the city proper, and then through a low swampy region out into the shallow lake Pontchartrain. At the terminus of New Basin Canal I found a small light-house, two or three hotels, and a few houses, making a little village.

A small fleet of schooners, which had brought lumber and firewood from Shieldsboro and other Gulf ports, was lying idly along the sides of the canal, awaiting a fair wind to assist them in making the return trip.

I rowed out of the canal on to the lake; but finding that the strong wind and rough waves were too much for my boat, I beat a hasty retreat into the port of refuge, and, securing my bow-line to a pile, and my stern-line to the bob-stay of a wood-schooner, the "Félicité," I prepared to ride out the gale under her bow. The skippers of the little fleet were very civil men. Some of them were of French and some of Spanish origin, while one or two were Germans. My charts interested them greatly; for though they had navigated their vessels for years upon the Gulf of Mexico, they had never seen a chart; and their astonishment was unbounded when I described to them the bottom of the sea for five hundred miles to the eastward, over a route I had never travelled.

Night settled down upon us, and, as the wind lulled, the evening became lovely. Soon the quiet hamlet changed to a scene of merriment, as the gay people of the city drove out in their carriages to have a "lark," as the sailors expressed it; and which seemed to begin at the hotels with card-playing, dancing, drinking, and swearing, and to end in a general carousal. Men and women joined alike in the disreputable scene, though I was informed that this was a respectable circle of society, compared with some which at times enlivened the neighborhood of Lake Pontchartrain. Think-



## Four Months In a Sneak-Box

By Nathaniel H. Bishop, 1879  
(1837-1902)

### Chapter 9 On the Gulf of Mexico

Leave New Orleans - The  
Roughs at Work - Detained at  
New Basin - Saddles Introduces  
Himself - Camping at Lake  
Pontchartrain - The Lighthouse  
of Pointaux Herbes - The  
Rigolets

ing of the wonderful grades of society, I tried to sleep in my boat, not imagining that my peace was soon to be invaded by the lowest layer of that social strata.

In spite of all my precautions an article had appeared that day in a New Orleans paper giving a somewhat incorrect account of my voyage from Pittsburgh. The betting circles hearing that there was no bet upon my rowing feat,—if such a modest and unadventurous voyage could be called a feat,—decided that there must be some mystery connected with it; and political strife being uppermost in all men's minds, strangers were looked upon with suspicion, while rumors of my being a national government spy found ready belief with the ignorant. Such a man would be an unwelcome visitor in the troubled districts where the "bull-dozing" system was compelling the enfranchised negro to vote the "right ticket." I had received an intimation of this feeling in the city, and had exerted myself to leave the neighborhood that day; but the treacherous east wind had left me in a most unprotected locality, floating in a narrow canal, at the mercy of a lot of strange sailors. The sailor, though, has a generous heart, and usually demands FAIR PLAY, while there is a natural antagonism between him and a landsman. I was, so to speak, one of them, and felt pretty sure that in case of any demonstration, honest "Jack Tar" would prove himself my friend.

It seemed at one time as though such an occasion was imminent.

First came the sound of voices in the distance; then, as they came nearer, I heard such questions as, "Where is the feller?" "Show us his boat, and we'll soon tell if he's a humbug!"

"We'll put a head on him!" &c. All these expressions being interlarded with oaths and foul language, gave any but a pleasant prospect of what was to be looked for at the hands of these city roughs, who clambered nimbly on to the deck of the Félicité to inquire for my whereabouts.

The darkness seemed to shield me from their sight, and my good friend, the skipper of the wood-schooner, did not volunteer much information as they stood upon his fore-castle only a few feet above my head. He told them they were on a fool's errand, if they came there to ask questions about a man who was minding his own business. The sailors all backed him, and the cook grew so bold as to consign the whole crowd, without mercy, to a place too hot for ears polite.

Swaggering and swearing, the roughs went ashore to refresh their thirsty throats at a low grog-shop. Having fired up, they soon returned to the bank of the canal, and, as ill luck would have it, in the darkness of the night caught a gleam of my little white boat resting so peacefully upon the foul water of the canal, made dark and heavy by the city's drainage. Then followed verbal shots, with various demonstrations, for half an hour.

The worst fellow in the crowd was a member of a fire-company, and being a city policeman was supposed to be a protector of the peace. He was very insulting; but I turned his questions and suspicions into ridicule, and, fortunately for me, he so often fell back upon the groggery for strength to fire away, that he was finally overpowered, and was given into the care of his bosom-friend, another black-guard, who dragged him tenderly from the scene. All this time the cook of the schooner had his hot water in readiness, threatening to scald the roughs if they succeeded in getting down to my boat.

At last, much to my relief, the whole party went off to "make a night of it," leaving me in the care of my protectors on the schooner, who had been busy deciding what they should do in case of any assault being made on me by the roughs, and showing their brawny arms in a menacing manner when the worst threats reached their ears.

I did not know this at the time, but as I looked cautiously around after the unwelcome guests had left, I saw a watchman standing on the fore-castle of the Félicité, looking anxiously to the safety of the little white craft that by a slender cord held on to his vessel. All through the hours of that long night the kind-hearted master paced his deck; and then, as the sun arose, and the damp vapors settled to the earth, he hailed me with a pleasant "good morning;" and added, "if those devils had jumped on you last night I was to give ONE yell, and the whole fleet would have been on top o' 'em, and we would have backed every man's heact down his own throat." This would have been, I thought, a singular but most effective way of settling the difficulty, and a novel mode of thinning out the city police and fire department.

During the day I was visited by a young northerner who had been for some time in New Orleans, but was very anxious to return to his home in Massachusetts. He had no money, but thought if I would allow him to accompany



me as far as Florida he could ship as sailor from some port on a vessel bound for New York or Boston. Feeling sorry for the man who was homeless in a strange city, and finding he possessed some experience in salt-water navigation, I acceded to his request. Having purchased of the harbor-master, Captain M. H. Riddle, a light boat, which was sharp at both ends, and possessed the degree of sheer necessary for seaworthiness, the next thing in order was to make some important alterations in her, such as changing the thwarts, putting on half-decks, &c. As this labor would detain me in the unpleasant neighborhood, I determined to secrete my own boat from the public gaze. To accomplish this, while favored by the darkness of night, I ran it into a side canal, where the watchman of the New Lake End Protection Levee lived in a floating house. The duck-boat was drawn out of the water on to a low bank of the levee, and was then covered with reeds. So perfectly was my little craft secreted, that when a party of roughs came out to interview the "government spy," they actually stood beside the boat while inquiring of the watchman for its locality without discovering it.

I now slept in peace at night; but during the day, while working upon the new boat in another locality, was much annoyed by curious persons, who hovered around, hoping to discover the meaning of my movements. On Saturday evening, January 22, I completed the joining and provisioning of the new skiff, which was called, in honor of the harbor-master, the "Riddle." The small local population about the mouth of the canal was in a great state of excitement. The fitting out of the "Riddle" by the supposed "government spy" furnished much food for reflection, and new rumors were set afloat. I passed the first day of the week as quietly as possible amid the gala scenes of that section which knows no Sunday. All day long carriages rolled out from New Orleans, bringing rollicking men and women to the lake, where, free from all restraint, the daily robe of hypocrisy was thrown aside, and poor humanity appeared at its worst. Little squads of roughs came also at intervals, but their attempts to find me or my boat proved fruitless.

The next day my shipmate, whom, for convenience, I will call Saddles, was not prepared to leave, as previously agreed upon, so I turned over to him the "Riddle," her outfit, provisions, &c., and instructed him to follow the west shore of Lake Pontchartrain until he found me, preferring to trust myself to the tender mercies of the Chinese fishermen—whom the reader will remember had been "CIVILIZED"—rather than to linger longer in the neighborhood of the New Orleans firemen and police corps. Saddles had hunted and fished upon the lake, and therefore felt confident he could easily find me the next day at Irish Bayou, two miles beyond the low "Point aux Herbes" Light-house.

An hour before noon, on Monday, January 24, I rowed out of the canal, and most heartily congratulated myself upon escaping the trammels of too much civilization. A heavy fog covered the lake while I felt my way along the shore, passing the Pontchartrain railroad pier. The shoal bottom was covered with stumps of trees, and the coast was low and swampy, with occasional short, sandy beaches. My progress was slow on account of the fog; and at five P. M. I went into camp, having first

hauled the boat on to the land by means of a small watch-tackle. The low country was covered in places with coarse grass, and, as I ate my supper by the camp-fire, swarms of mosquitoes attacked me with such impetuosity and bloodthirstiness that I was glad to seek refuge in my boat. This proved, however, only a temporary relief, for the tormentors soon entered at the ventilating space between the combing and hatch, and annoyed me so persistently that I was driven to believe there was something worse than New Orleans roughs. During this night of torture I heard in the distance the sound of oars moving in the oar-locks, and paused for an instant in the battle with the phlebotomists, thinking the "Riddle" might be coming, but all sound seemed hushed, and I returned to my dreary warfare.

Not waiting to prepare breakfast the next morning, I left the prairie shore, and rowed rapidly towards Point aux Herbes. At the light-house landing I found Saddles, with his boat drawn up on shore. He had followed me at four and a half P. M., and the evening being clear, he had easily reached the light-house at eleven P. M. on the same night. Mr. Belton, the light-keeper, kept bachelor's hall in his quarters, and at once went to work with hearty good-will to prepare a breakfast for us, to which we did full justice.

At eleven A. M., though a fog shut out all objects from our sight, I set a boat compass before me on the floor of my craft, and saying good-bye to our host, we struck across the lake in a course which took us to a point below the "Rigolets," a name given to the passages in the marshes through which a large portion of the water of Lake Pontchartrain flows into the Gulf of Mexico. The marshes, or low prairies, which confine the waters of Lake Pontchartrain, are extensive. The coarse grass grows to four or five feet in height, and in it coons, wildcats, minks, hogs, and even rabbits, find a home. In the bayous wild-fowl abound.

The region is a favorite one with hunters and fishermen; but during the summer months alligators and moccasin-snakes are abundant, when it behooves one to be wary. Upon some of the marshy islands of the Gulf, outside of Lake Pontchartrain, wild hogs are to be found. In 1853 it became known that an immense wild boar lived upon the Chandeleur Islands. He was frequently hunted, and though struck by the balls shot at him, escaped uninjured, his tough hide proving an impenetrable barrier to all assaults. There is always, however, some vulnerable point to be found, and in 1874 some Spanish fisherman, taking an undue advantage of his boarship, shot him in the eye, and then clubbed him to death.

The Rigolets are at the eastern end of Lake Pontchartrain. Their northern side skirts the main land, while their south side is bounded by marshy islands. As we rowed through this outlet of the lake, Fort Pike, with its grassy banks, arose picturesquely on our right from its site on a knoll of high ground. Outside of the Rigolets we entered an arm of the Gulf of Mexico, called Lake Borgne, the shores of which were desolate, and formed extensive marshes cut up by creeks and bayous into many small islands.

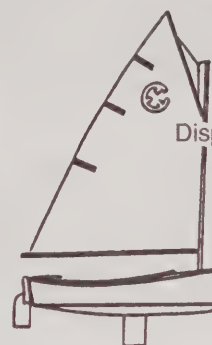
As it was late in the day, we ran our two boats into a bayou near the mouth of the Rigolets, and prepared, under the most trying circumstances, to rest for the night. The atmosphere was soft and mild, the evening was

perfect. The great sheet of water extended far to the east. On the south it was bounded by marshes. A long, low prairie coast stretched away on the north; it was the southern end of the state of Mississippi. The light-houses flashed their bright beacon-lights over the water. All was tranquil save the ever-pervading, persistent mosquito. Thousands of these insects, of the largest size and of the most persistent character, came out of the high grass and "made night hideous."

(To Be Continued)

## The Picnic Cat

by Com-Pac Yachts



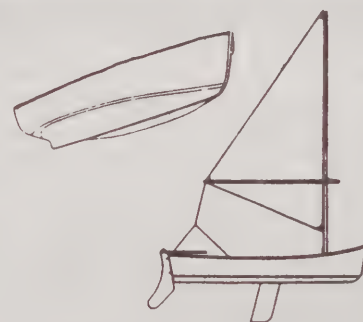
14' length overall  
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The complete equipe on the ramp preparing for launch.



First outing, I seem to be well out in the air but was fully protected by that wraparound windshield. A good thing in cold wet going, not so good in warm dry conditions.

Second try, much better, fully ventilated forward, nicely protected from sun's rays, this was pretty nice.



## The Nauticraft Escapade... Our First Exercise In Water Cycling

By Bob Hicks

As a result of my following up on some publicity material from the International Water Cycling Association by announcing I would be interested in reviewing what sort of human powered pedal driven boats their member firms were offering, Curt Chambers of Nauticraft Corporation called in May to tell me that his nephew Steve would be delivering an older second hand version of his Escapade from their Michigan factory to a Rhode Island buyer, and would I like to try it out?

Well, yes, and so I found myself at the boat launch on nearby Chebacco Lake with Steve and the Escapade on a lovely sunny May 12th morning. We were at a ramp because this 325lb boat has to be launched off its trailer just like a big boat. The 20" draft meant backing a ways down ramp before it would float off and the Subaru Outback exhaust was soon merrily bubbling up from well down in the lake.

As you can see from my photos, this is not your ordinary small craft. Besides its reliance on human pedaling for power, it resembles a sort of floating eggshell, with the operator sitting within a sort of cockpit. It is remarkably like sitting in the cockpit of one of the experimental aircraft sport aviation enthusiasts enjoy for today's recreational flying.

But this is a boat and subject to certain laws of hydrodynamics, one of which, in the case of a displacement hull such as the Escapade's, involves speed limitations based on waterline length. The Escapade's 12'2" waterline establishes a top speed of around 5mph according to Steve.

So here is where my infatuation with the potential of pedal power as manifested in my landbound recumbent bicycles runs aground in a pedal powered boat. All boats are slow relative to land vehicles with comparable power inputs because of the way the water resists forward motion. On my bike with my pedalling effort hooked up solidly to the road, I can translate this effort into 20mph on relatively flat going. With the "fluid" drive of a propellor immersed in water, no matter how hard I mashed those pedals, the prop just slips and acceleration is modest and speed soon cuts off at that hull speed. So long to the thrill of speed afloat under pedal power.

As I pedaled away from the ramp, first impressions soon crowded in upon me. Pedaling along at maybe 4mph or so at the steady 60rpm rate I seem to favor on my bicycle, there was no cooling breeze. The wraparound windshield was much like that of a convertible car. The same radically swept back windshield which protected me from a cooling breeze also reflected the interior of the boat back to me, making it difficult to determine what, if anything, there might be up ahead. And the bright white interior was soon functioning as a sort of solar oven, adding heat to that generated by my exertion. The twisted notched belt drive whirled away, not overly loud but there, its sound trapped in the box with me.



So, back to the ramp and some revision work. Off came the windshield, which is easily removeable with little twist fasteners. Up went the bimini, already in place on its bows back on the rear "deck", quickly raised and snapped into place. Ah, much better. A breeze not only cooled my "engine" but the opened up interior also subdued the whirring noise of the drive belt, and the solar oven was shut off by the bimini. Nice now, very nice, pottering along the shoreline at a relaxed pace. Since no amount of pedalling effort was going to produce any real feeling of speed, a leisurely rate I could keep up for hours carried me along, providing plenty of opportunity for rubbernecking.

This, according the builder Chambers, is what the Escapade is best suited for, leisurely, silent, environmentally friendly progress afloat in comfort and convenience. The Escapade certainly is comfortable, with a full recliner seat, ergonomically correctly placed pedal cranks up front and rudder control sticks at each side. She turned quickly in a tight circle, one unexpected aspect of such turns was the slight tendency to tilt outward from the turn. To one used to leaning into the turns on bicycle or kayak, this was a surprise. Apparently the ballasted keel provides enough lateral resistance side-on in a turn that the higher center of gravity of this 160lb pedaller tended to tilt outward under even the modest centrifugal force.

So what sort of small boater would enjoy this unique craft? Builder Chambers told me that it was favored by older, affluent (this is a \$3,000 boat) types for its comfort, dryness, convenience and peaceful progress on

the summertime lake. They keep them at dockside, the launching routine an occasional exercise rather than part of every outing.

It was 15 years ago now that I met the Escapade's ancestor, Garry Hoyt's Waterbug, at the Small Boat Show in Newport, RI, and published the report I include with this one as a sort of historical reference point. In Curt Chamber's discussion of the background on his Escapade he mentions how Hoyt and the original builder, Harken, found lack of acceptance and mothballed the concept. In 1994 Curt took the concept off the shelf and has been bringing it into today's boating and manufacturing environment since.

The Escapade is a very nicely made product of admittedly limited appeal. My view is that it faces the same resistance to acceptance that all the "outside the mainstream" concepts get from the entrenched wisdom. A bass boat guy at the ramp launching his \$25,000 purple metalflake fishing machine with its 250hp outboard towering over its stern politely inquired about the Escapade's motor.

As it happens, the Escapade does not happily accept even small outboard power, the front of the boat buries from too much power driving it. The average fit male can produce about 1/4hp to 1/3hp continuously pedalling, so you can see where even a tiny 2hp outboard would be sort of overwhelming.

Curt Chambers is not resting on his existing product. The boat I tried is a 4 year old version. Detailed improvements have been made since and an "open cockpit" model is now available. Curt explains all this in a sidebar story.

Happenstance brought the Escapade to us

as our first experience with today's water cycles and it was an interesting experience. Next water cycle that has come to hand for us is the 17' sit-on-top sea kayak styled Ozone Hyper-1 recumbent which the designer/builders openly promote for speed on the water. This should offer some contrast.



"Look, Ma, no hands!" Yep, your legs do all the work.

Input end of the drive system, the twisted belt drive "sprocket" has a 4:1 ratio to the prop shaft, so my typical 60 rpm translates to 240 rpm at the prop.



The skinny two-bladed low rpm prop, designed to match typical human leg power output and crank speed.



Comfy captain's chair, drive pedal showing at left of drive tower, rudder sticks either side of the seat. Note full wraparound windshield coverage and bright interior, a fishbowl in the sun as it turned out.





## **WATERBUG... most unique**

By Bob Hicks  
(From *Messing About in Boats*, June 15, 1985)

Of all the unique craft at the Small Boat Show, the Waterbug had to be the most. Brightly colored easter eggs in appearance, they are very sophisticated pedalboats, another creation from the innovative mind of Garry Hoyt, the man behind the Freedom Yachts. Hoyt was on hand operating the Waterbug Slalom and public tryouts, and manning the Hoyt Harken booth to talk about his creation.

Boy, here is an ideal boat for a rental concession on a summer lake or at an amusement park. People lined up all weekend on the dock for a try at pedalling the Waterbugs through a slalom course or just down the dock and back. Just like lining up for the dodgems. The craft sat comfortably on the water, the deep ballasted keel submerged, the aircraft cockpit accommodations open and waiting. Two models are available, the open one in use for access reasons, but a closed canopy model for inclement conditions available.

"I like to get out on the water for exercise and this can go out in rain or wind that would render a pulling boat or kayak uncomfortable if not dangerous," Hoyt told me. He went on to remark that he is a pilot and the cockpit layout of the Waterbug reflects this background.

There's a nice comfy high backed bucket seat and a pedestal in front of it with the pedal cranks at a height that requires a semi reclining position. Hooking your toes into the pedals (ala ten speed bicycle) your legs are up where you are pushing out horizontally rather than down vertically. A two speed (1:4 and 1:3 ratios) transmission connects the pedals to a 3 blade prop. You steer with dual side levers at seat side. Simple thing, just pedal ahead or back, and pull on levers to steer.

There's 300 pounds of lead in the

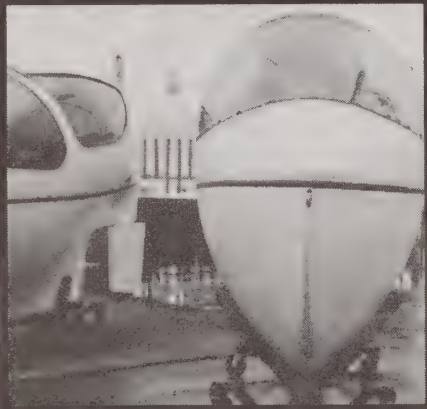
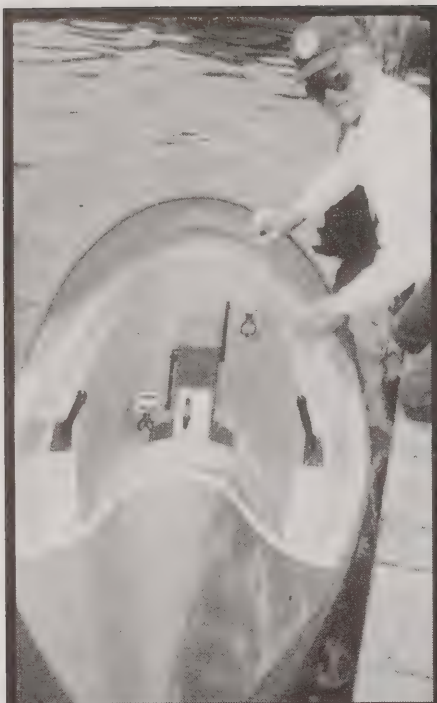
deep hydrodynamically efficient keel, and this Provides stability and also inertia for moving ahead into the teeth of a wind and chop. The waves just break off the slippery egg shape above the waterline, and the enclosed cockpit keeps one completely dry regardless of weather. Hoyt used his much of the winter out on Narragansett Bay, when rowing or paddling was out of the question.

Like a ten speed bicycle, this requires some exertion to keep moving, instead of the successive thrusts of legs, arms and back to propel a sliding seat pulling boat, one keeps up a merry whirl of pedalling, no back or arm work here. Sure you can stop pedalling and the craft will carry on some with that ballast. But it's totally unlike the exercise that rowing provides.

Hoyt's idea was manufactured by Harken, the sailing hardware people, and it's a first class job all the way, everything is nicely made. The prices are \$1995 for the open model, \$2695 for the enclosed. Oh, yes, the Waterbug has positive flotation, it will not sink if swamped somehow. Be hard to see how one could swamp it in anything less than a full gale, it just bobs on the water like a corked bottle.

Yes, it's not really a boat, it's a toy, but an intriguing one, certainly one that might attract the bicyclist. I asked Garry if he conceived of it as a result of last year's pedalboat appearances at this Show, but he said he'd been thinking about it for several years. The open pedalboats were slow and awkward, the California proa was very fast but easily upset and not very maneuverable. The Waterbug is a very secure feeling personal craft that'll peak out at 5 knots (hull speed) and handle a lot of slop and weather while keeping one comfortably dry.

From top left: Garry Hoyt was running the "concession" rides much of the weekend, guaging the reactions of the public to his creation. The hydrodynamics of the design seem very apparent in front and rear views. Rob Dwelley cruises the show, probably trying to figure out how to oversee his August Wooden Boat Show in one.





# How Does it Go When the Going Gets Tough?

## Pedal Powered Escapade In 25mph Winds & 5' Waves Completes a Seven Mile Course On Puget Sound

How did it perform? Michael Lampi, of Bellevue, Washington, in his Escapade was the only pedal powered craft out of 23 entrants. Michael finished 10th, with rowboats and racing kayaks capsizing and dropping out left and right. Only 11 of the original 23 starters were able to finish the race. Michael pedaled the Escapade to a record time for pedal boats. In the adverse wind and wave conditions, his 1 hour and 55 minute finish broke the previous year's record of 2 hours, which was accomplished under sunny skies and calm conditions. Here is his story:

### An Escapade Goes to the Sound Rowers Budd Inlet Invitational Race

By Michael Lampi

On Saturday September 28, 1999, the Sound Rowers and the Olympia Area Rowers held a race at Budd Inlet, which is about as far south in Puget Sound as one can get. The day turned out to be nice and sunny, but with a wind of over 25 miles per hour.

While towing my Escapade pedal boat from Bellevue to Olympia I thought that this might become a problem, as the boat cover almost blew off several times. Several of the webbing loops used to hold it in place ripped out, and the cover flapped madly in the breeze until I could pull over to fix it. However, upon reaching the marina, the wind had died down considerably, and we launched our boats into the fairly calm waters.

Twenty three boats were registered; mine was the only pedaled one. The rest ran the gamut from racing kayaks to sea kayaks to

racing shells to a lightweight rowboat.

The race started at about 10:30am. The course consisted of a leg up the west side of Budd Inlet, followed by a crossing of the channel to the east side where a sailboat was positioned near the shore, and returning to the marina for a total distance of 7 nautical miles. Last year's race had calm conditions and the fastest boat took about 53 minutes. The pedal boat record for the course was two hours, which I figured was about how much time it would take my boat to cover the course at about 4 to 4.5 statute miles per hour.

Shortly into the race a kayak racer had overturned. He refused my offer of help, and that of the safety patrol boat, and returned on his own to the marina. Little did I know that he was only the first of many to not finish the race.

As we progressed north the wind picked up, and the wave activity as well. Even though the wind was from the side, it was strong and started moving the water into waves pretty rapidly. I found that I had to open the sun roof of the bimini to keep it from acting like an air scoop and causing my boat to try to capsize as it bobbed up and down on the waves.

I was following a racing shell of some sort around a buoy, and heading with the wind towards the sailboat about a mile across the Inlet. Here I closed the sunroof and let it act as a sail, pushing me quite nicely through water. This enabled me to surf with the waves, which had grown to about three or four feet from crest to trough.

The sailboat seemed to almost be perched on the beach. I was getting worried as I approached that the large waves, combined with the proximity to the shore and the 20" draft of the Escapade, would cause problems. However, I realized that if the sailboat was there, then most likely it would have troubles before I would.

As I bobbed and pedaled around the sailboat I noticed two long boats dragged up on

the shoreline, and an overturned boat tied behind the sailboat. Hmmmm....could that mean I had a chance of being one of the few boats, or perhaps only boat, to finish the course? Maybe!

The return trip was fairly ridiculous. The waves were much more severe on the west side, ranging perhaps up to 5 feet from crest to trough. The Escapade has about 20" of freeboard, but the waves were coming almost right up to the side as the boat was lifted over one wave and down its back. Heading slightly into the wind caused the bow to enter a wave and cause the top of it to sheet over the windshield and onto my head and face. Yes, by this time the bimini had to be taken down to reduce the chance of capsizing!

When I had launched that morning I commented to myself that the rudder of the Escapade was quite a bit oversized and caused a lot of oversteer. Let me tell you now, out in that wind and with those waves it was a great help in keeping the boat going where I wanted to go!

Throughout the race the Harbor Patrol checked on me and the other racers many times to make sure that we were OK. It was stressed upon us at the beginning that if we were not having fun that the race for us would be over. It was quite exhilarating being out in those conditions. The only major concern I had was that my camera would be protected from the salt water. Otherwise, only spray and the splash of water entered my craft. The built-in bilge pump took care of that handily.

After a long time the marina came into view. My legs were growing pretty tired, but I managed to finish with a short sprint in a time of one hour 55 minutes. After crossing the finish line I turned around, pedaled back to the officials and found I was the tenth boat to finish the race. The fastest boat this year did the course in an hour 13 minutes. The slowest finished in about 2 hours 30 minutes, and only eleven boats completed the course.

## The Builder Comments...

### Background of The Escapade Pedal Boat

By Curtis Chambers

In the early 1980s Garry Hoyt, world renowned yacht designer from Newport, Rhode Island, decided to try his hand at designing a pair of pedal boats. The first of these became known as the Waterbug, and he enticed his friends, the Harken Brothers (makers of yacht hardware of international fame) to build this boat.

It quickly became evident that, while the performance of the Waterbug was outstanding, there were three significant shortcomings. First, the small, tight cockpit that housed the single pedaller could become unbearably warm. Second, the "floating egg" styling was a little too funky for most tastes. Third, the boat was so expensive to manufacture that it was difficult to sell at a reasonable cost.

Hoyt addressed these concerns with his

second design. This boat, which became known as the Mallard, was larger and more open, had a jump seat in the back for an additional passenger or two, and had stunning futuristic styling. Its fiberglass hull had only two major molded parts, which meant that manufacturing costs had the potential to be more acceptable.

Unfortunately, both of these boats were ahead of their time. The issues of environmental conservation and personal health had not yet come into vogue for the general public at the time they were introduced. Also, the concept of comfortable, efficient, human propelled water craft was not yet widely grasped. The problem of marketing these two boats to a world in which there was no existing benchmark became increasingly daunting. Harken-Hoyt then made a rational, economic decision. They pulled the boats off the market and put the tooling in mothballs until a later date when they might be revived and more successfully received.

Fast forward ahead to 1994. I was a suc-

cessful custom injection molder from Michigan and a hobbyist-collector of pedal boats. I became aware of the Waterbug/Mallard project. I did a cursory investigation, and approached Harken-Hoyt about the two watercraft. An agreement was struck in which the tooling and inventory for the two boats, plus a license to build, was transferred to me and sent to Michigan.

In a refocusing of my personal priorities, I disposed of my injection molding business, built a new manufacturing building, and registered the name Nauticraft Corporation. A general business plan was developed, and a contract was made for the engineering and design services of Tom Parker of Parker Designs. The Waterbug, as a viable project, was examined and quickly rejected. The design of the Mallard, however, perhaps avant-garde when first conceived, was not only still appealing, but seemed to be evolving as a classic look.

It was decided to change the Mallard name to Escapade, and, using the transferred



fiberglass molds, manufacturing was begun. Thirty six boat hulls and ancillary parts were molded, and a contract was let for an equal number of Harken designed pedal drive units. However, as the first six boats finished assembly it became obvious that this revived method of boat manufacturing was antiquated in the current world. The manufacturing aspect of the project was reviewed, new processes were investigated, and ultimately the rotational molding method was selected as being the most viable.

Subsequently, a rotational molding machine was ordered, and contracts were let for patterns and then molds. The functionally excellent Harken designed drive unit was regretfully rejected. Its cast aluminum frame, chain, sprockets, gears, stainless shafts, ball-bearings, etc. made a design that was just too sophisticated and costly to continue consideration. Using the "clean-sheet-of-paper" approach, an entirely new and different drive unit was engineered.

Because the hull and ancillary parts were to be rotationally molded it was decided to develop the drive around a rotational molded housing. This housing was to carry two large diameter sprockets connected to two small sprockets by a four-way twisted industrial timing belt. The results gave a simple, economical, highly efficient drive unit that also had the bonus of looking great.

The rotomolding of the boat hull and the rest of the ancillary parts gave the hoped for results as well as additional advantages. The time, effort, and finances involved in executing this transition was well worth it, and the rotomolded Escapade went into production in 1997.

## Two New Pedal Boats In Development

We are in the process of designing two new pedal boats. One will be larger than the present Escapade and the other will be smaller. The larger boat will have side-by-side pedalers with a jump seat in the back to take one or two passengers. The smaller boat is sort of the sports car design, a single person pedaler with no passengers, that will be short and quick and highly maneuverable. We are planning to have one boat ready for the summer of 2000 and the other ready for the following year.

## Building Expansion

When our building was designed in 1995 it was intended to be a square building of 200' x 200'. Economics forced us to cut this in half resulting in a 200' x 100' building. Since we share this facility with our affiliate company, Dynamic Conveyor, we have been constrained

to operate in a very tight corner behind the office section. Dyna-Con's successes in recent times (we wish we could say that it was Nauticraft) now enables us to do the other half of the original building design. When construction is complete (about mid-winter) we will be moving into this new section, yielding our present space to Dyna-Con.

The good news is not just an increase in sorely needed operating space, but the opportunity to do some real solid plant layout for maximum manufacturing efficiencies. We will then be able to produce more boats quicker and easier, and this will translate into lower production costs and ultimately into lower prices for our boat products.

## New Website

Nauticraft Corporation now has its own domain on the Internet and a brand new Web Site. We can be seen on [www.Nauticraft.com](http://www.Nauticraft.com), and contacted by e-mail at [info@nauticraft.com](mailto:info@nauticraft.com). We're pleased to include a "What's New" page that will be updated quarterly.

## More Information?

For more information on the Escapade call (888) 709-7097, e-mail us at [info@nauticraft.com](mailto:info@nauticraft.com), or write to Nauticraft Corporation, 5980 Grand Haven Rd., Muskegon, Michigan 49441.

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## Norm's Owhti

### A New Zealand Scow in Miniature

Mark Steele on the Fullscale & Abandoned Also

They were labelled by the late Ted Ashby in his excellent book of the same name, as *The Phantom Fleet*, the book probably the most comprehensive record of the scows and scowmen that played an important part in the building of the city of Auckland, New Zealand. Between 1873 and the 1920s, no fewer than 125 of these ketches and schooners were built, and used for the ferrying of materials such as shingle and timber from the coastal areas to what would become the huge, multi-cultural city that Auckland is today.

One of the last to be built was the 71'6" ketch-rigged *Owhti* (pronounced 0fitty) which was built in 1924 at Stanley Bay, Auckland by a company called E. Darroch & Sons. She still survives today but only just, and after leading an eventful life that included ferrying materials around Auckland's Hauraki Gulf, where the recent America's Cup was competed for, a working life freighting sand, shingle and fire-

wood, she entered a glamour phase in Pacific Island waters when being used in films such as *Savage Islands*, and later in a support role for another film, *The Silent One*.

Falling on hard times later, she returned to the hard labour world in the north of New Zealand, was sunk and retrieved and later beached at Okiato in New Zealand's North Island Bay of Islands area, with repair work that sadly never materialised, initially in mind.

My friend, Peter Tait of Auckland knows her well, has photographed her hulk, now a sorry sight, the tide flowing in and out of her hull, moss growing out of canvas sails, grass out of the deck timber, yet still masted and fully equipped with sails, sheets, anchors and compass in place, pepper and salt, and dirty dishes still in her galley. One of his photographs appears in this story.

I have always felt somewhat surprised, that given the importance of the trading scows, very few model sailboat enthusiasts in Auckland have chosen to model the scows. Oh sure, many have built display scow models for museums, but very few if any have chosen to build to sail. Ironically, until recently, it has been a Cornishman in Falmouth, England, and a Dorset man in Poole, both friends of mine, who had built and put New Zealand scow models on the water under RC.

Along comes a retired gentleman in Dannevirke in New Zealand's North Island, a maker of models who enjoys his pastime, and loves to sail his creations on a lake in his region. Norman Gabbott has modelled the *Owhti*, the model taking him four months. Made entirely out of wood, her masts in New Zealand kauri, RC gear all in the stern under the crew quarters cabin, and the centreboard with a five pound lead shoe at the bottom, the model, Norm Gabbott says, is a delight to sail. Since the photo was taken, he has added ratlines on the mast stays, and several other additions in the way of detail.



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I was messing about on some of the web sites I found in the pages of *Messing About In Boats*. While surfing the By-The-Sea.com site, and linked to the builder's page, I found The Upper Deck Boatshop. Upper Deck offered a catboat kit. A complete all-in-one kit, including the sail and spars; it lacked only the wind and water.

The Harbor Cat-10 is a pretty little gaff-rigged 10'5" catboat. With a nice upturned bow and a very nice sheer, it is a traditional looking boat built of plywood. (There are other designs and kits available as well.) It looked great, it's what I wanted, and I'll take one, thank you very much.

I inquired about the kit, and was told by the builder, Mr. Andy Wolfe, that he was changing the design a little. There were a few problems. He described how the hull did not balance well unless sitting nearly amidships, and the hull was too light. He was going to add thicker ply, and make the transom wider. I liked the way the picture on the web looked, and I was not too crazy about making changes to what looked to be just what I was looking for.

I wrote back the following: Dear Mr. Wolfe: All the things you are trying to improve

## The Harbor Cat-10

By Greg Grundtisch

seem to be the things that are appealing to me in this boat. I can see the thicker ply for a bit of added weight; it might improve the feel of being a bit tender. But boats of that size are somewhat tender anyway. As for the bow riding high, I'm not sure to what degree or how high, but to my thinking that is a plus, especially nowadays with jet skiers flying around, the seeming impolite speed in no wake areas, and the lack of any enforcement of the rules of the road. Sitting nearly amidships is where one is supposed to be when sailing alone in a boat this size. Widening the stern will add a bit more capacity, but also more drag when heeled.

I went on to suggest moving the widest part of the beam aft a little, and that using heavier ply would probably not change the balance. Having no background in design, knowledge of physics, or of having sailed in the prototype boat as the builder described, I then told him, at some length, why he should

NOT change anything. I'm from New York, ya know. It's our way! I thought the boat was just fine the way it was.

I went to work assembling a cardboard model that I adapted from the web page. I used the back of a note pad and some scotch tape, just like the pros. We'll just see about this narrow stern forcing the bow too high business, I thought. The damn thing floated, and it looked pretty good. Then I added some weight to where someone would be sitting and the bow rose up high, way too high. I reduced the weight, but still too high; just like I was told it would be. Okay, I was wrong.

I immediately e-mailed my findings to Mr. Wolfe along with my apologies for being a "know it all", and a New Yorker. Mr. Wolf was very forgiving, he invited me to his shop to help with building the prototype, offered me a set of model plans of the NEW design to test for myself, and asked me to stop calling him Mr. Wolf; Andy would do fine. A few days later, the plans arrived and the fun was about to begin.

**Building the Harbor Cat-10 Scale Model:** I had never built a scale model before, so I was not bogged down with troublesome time-tested methods of construction. I got right to it. I built the model of basswood panels using super fast-drying glue. I traced the plans onto the basswood and cut them out. I immediately glued the transom and the bottom piece together and to my thumbs and forefingers. This glue, they say, bonds permanently in 3 seconds. But, in reality it bonds to skin and any other material you touch, INSTANTLY!!!

Bonding wood to wood takes quite a bit longer, unless the pieces have somehow shifted out of position. The gap-filling glue is a big help with this, but even slower to dry. There is a way to speed up the drying process though. Hit it with a hot air gun. A word of caution about this: 1) You must be careful not to set the basswood on fire. It sets off the smoke detectors and causes panic among family members. 2) The heated glue releases strong fumes that will burn your throat and blind your eyes. A respirator is highly recommended. Just keep your eyes closed, and keep in mind rule #1.

After several failed attempts to get the bottom bonded to the transom in the correct alignment, I fashioned a keel, a stem, and a station mold. This helped to a small degree, but progress was still very slow. I contacted Andy about how the pieces should fit together. He offered me a couple building tips, and I was off and running again.

I was instructed to drill little holes and "stitch" it together first, then glue the pieces while they are in place, (stitch and glue, duh!). I should also mention that using your finger tips as a backing while drilling the tiny little holes is not recommended. It stains the basswood and paint won't stick.

I decided a fresh start was in order. What a difference, and so much faster! I had never built a stitch and glue boat before, but it's obvious that this is a very quick and easy way to build. Perfect for the novice builder. I could skip the keel and stem and just use a scrap piece to maintain the beam dimension.

I spent over three hours with "my" method, and only got about half way before going for the rum ration. The stitch and glue method took about an hour. It took another half hour for the sail and spars. Five minutes for the paint job. Could you tell?



Just like Grandma's bedroom slipper, the cardboard model.

Tank testing with steel washer crew.





I cut out a cardboard version and assembled it with masking tape. It looked a little like Grandma's bedroom slipper, but I finished it in 20 minutes! It's really a lot of fun, once you get your fingers unglued. I tested the new and improved Harbor Cat-10 in my home test tank. Some call it a laundry tub or sink, depending on your geographic location.

I added the proper test weight by using heavy steel washers. It balanced PERFECTLY, and it looked great. The changes will really make this a better sailor. More capacity with a little "V" in the stern, a little less tender, and it will track better also.

Now that I have innovated and mastered the model making techniques, I have ordered the FULL SIZE boat kit. I just bought a power nailer too. I will give a full account of how it goes together, and how it performs. If completed in time, you will see it in Mystic, Connecticut at the Wooden Boat Show in June. Come take it for a spin.

Happy sails!!!!!!

To contact Mr. Andy Wolfe at Upper Deck Boatshop: Fax-voice (540) 464-5018; E-mail: <upperdeckboats@rockbridge.net>; Web: www.upperdeckboats.com; Snail: Upper Deck Boatshop, 21 Palfrey Lane, Glasgow, VA. 24455.


To contact me, Master Model Maker (kit builder): Grundy (gfantasiadesign.com), Fax- (716) 683-5502, Greg Grundtisch, 256 Iroquois Ave., Lancaster, NY. 14086







Voila...not too bad for for this Master Model Maker.

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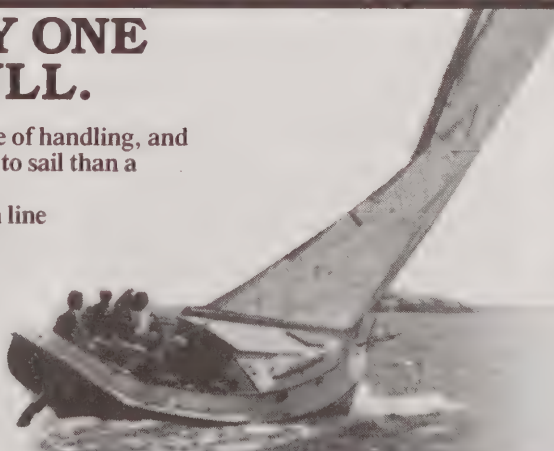
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The finished boat as it was put into service without any finish other than the epoxy coating, in anticipation of needing modifications. It didn't need any.

## My \$50 One-Week Cartopper

By Bradford Lytle

A few months ago I needed a small, light boat that I could easily put on top of my car, use to travel about a mile from the mainland to an island and back, and explore new waterways. Molded, plastic kayaks were too heavy and too expensive. Therefore, making my own boat was indicated. I wanted a boat as light, inexpensive, and easy to build as possible.

I planned only to paddle the boat using a double paddle, and not use an outboard motor. In studying boat designs, it seemed to me that the simplest design would be similar to a dory or pirogue. Such a boat would have a hull with three panels. Each side would be made of a panel, and the bottom would be a panel. It would be double-ended, which suggested that it would be quite fast. Stitch-and-glue construction seemed the simplest.

I decided that the boat should be about 12' long. Such a length was compatible with the size of 4'x8' plywood panels. A 12' side can be fashioned from such panels by cutting one piece 8' feet long, and joining it to a piece 4' long.

My plan was to purchase two pieces of 1/4" fir plywood, and use one piece for the sides, and one for the bottom. However, I was in a hurry, and decided to use two pieces of lauan plywood that were in my lumber bin. Being unsure if the glue in the lauan would withstand wetting, I tested several small pieces, and found that they did not delaminate even after several days of immersion in water.

I first made a model of the boat out of cardboard to a scale of 1"=1'. I cut two pieces of cardboard 12" long and 1 5/16" high. I put these together, and cut a bow end with a 30 degree angle and a stern end with a 45 degree angle. Using Scotch tape, I secured the two pieces of cardboard together at each end. I put the pieces of cardboard on another, flat piece, and pushed the two pieces apart at the center to a distance of about 2-1/2", securing them in this position with a small piece of cardboard.

Because the ends of the cardboard pieces were cut at angles, the ends immediately rose

off the bottom piece. I measured the distance of rise at each end, and found it to be about 1/4". I cut a concave section about 1/4" deep out of the bottom of each of the side pieces. Once repositioned on the bottom piece, and spread apart, the side strips then contacted the bottom strip throughout most of their length.

I marked the place where the side strips met the bottom piece, removed the side strips, and cut out the bottom. I repositioned the side strips on the bottom. At this point, it seemed to me that I knew enough about the most important dimensions of the boat to begin constructing in plywood.

Taking one 8'x4' piece of lauan, I cut it longitudinally into three strips 16" wide. Taking one of these strips, I cut it in two, giving me two 4' strips. I butted one of these small strips against the end of each of the two longer strips, giving me two strips 12' long.

I made two butt blocks for splicing the side pieces. These blocks were 16" high and 8" wide. The outer grain ran in the short dimension. I secured these blocks over the joints where the 8' and 4' strips met. In doing this, I was careful that the "good" sides of the plywood would be outside, when the boat was assembled.

For glue I used West System epoxy thickened with a 50/50 mixture of silica powder and microballoons. At first, I tried to hold the butt blocks against the side strips with weights, but the blocks tended to slide off the strips. Therefore, I nailed the butt blocks in place with short brads before applying the weights. A better approach might have been to secure the butt blocks to the side strips with sheet metal screws or short drywall screws under whose heads were small washers made of plywood. After the glue had set, I removed the brads.

I cut a 45 degree bevel on one end of each side strip and a 30 degree bevel on the other end. Next, I put the side pieces together, and drilled and wired together each end using lightweight galvanized iron wire.

Referring to my cardboard model, I

marked on one of the side strips the concave section that was to be removed. It was unnecessary to do this in curved lines. I measured 4" inches up from the center of the bottom of a side strip, and drew straight lines from the lower ends of the bow and stern to the top of this line. This gave me a triangular section that was to be removed.

In making the cardboard model, I had noticed that cutting out the triangular section along straight lines left me with sides that did not fit perfectly on the bottom. Therefore, I measured one inch down from the top of the 3" center line, and drew a line through this point parallel to the bottom of each side. This line intersected the two lines from the ends of the boat to the top of the 3" line, and gave me a section to be removed that was trapezoidal rather than triangular.

Using a skillsaw, I cut out the trapezoidal section. There was enough clearance between the blade of the saw and the plywood to permit me to steer the saw blade around the gentle angles that produced the trapezoid.

The next step was to put the two sides on the other piece of lauan, push them apart 30" at the top, and insert a stick to maintain this position. I marked around the place where the sides intersected the bottom piece and removed the side strips and cut out the bottom 1" oversize with a skillsaw.

I put the sides back on the bottom piece, and stitched them to the bottom with galvanized wire. This gave me the essential hull of the boat.

Next, I spot-epoxied the sides to the bottom piece. Once the epoxy had set, I removed the wires. The hull held its shape. I filleted all of the seams with epoxy putty using a filler of 100% silica powder for strength.

The next step was to make the gunwales. These posed a problem. Ordinarily the gunwales of such a small boat would have been made of wood about 3/4" thick. However, I knew that bending wood of this thickness around the hull at the top would tend to pull in the sides of the boat. Therefore, I made the gunwales of two laminations, fashioning each lamination from strips of lauan plywood 1-1/4" wide. I applied one lamination, let the glue set, then applied the other lamination.

While the glue was setting, I held the laminations in place with small clamps. When I ran out of clamps, I screwed the strips in place, putting small plywood washers under the heads of the screws. The clamps were easier to use than the screws, and I estimate that, were I to make another, similar boat, I would use 20 1" clamps to secure each side.

When all the glue had set, I removed the spacer stick in the middle, and was pleased to find that the hull retained its shape.

Next, I glued 4" fiberglass tape along the inside of the chines on both sides. This was a sort of precautionary "riptestop" measure. The sides were held to the bottom only by epoxy glue, and fillets. Stresses on the chines could become considerable. If the stresses produced cracks, I believed that the tape would prevent the boat from falling apart.

Finally, I glued short breasthook pieces into the tops of the bow and stern. These pieces were more to accommodate holes for painters than to provide strength.

I filled all holes with epoxy putty, planed, filed, and sanded the joints smooth, and applied a coat of epoxy inside and out.

The next step was to make a fin for the



stern that would make the boat track better. I made this from 3/4" cedar, about 30" long and 4" wide. Since the boat had no keel, I suspected that the nearly flat bottom would flex and was afraid that this would cause the fin to pull away from the bottom. Therefore, I cut the fin into three pieces, making the cuts at 45 degree angles. It seemed to me that these cuts should enable the bottom to flex without producing so much strain on the joint with the fin that the fin would fall off. I epoxied the fin pieces in place, and amply filleted the joints with epoxy putty, again using 100% silica filler.

The hull then was substantially finished. It had no ribs, no keel, and no metal fasteners, and was made without patterns. It weighed almost exactly 30lbs.

What to do about seats puzzled me. I thought that the boat might be able to carry two people, and therefore wanted it to have provision for two seats. At the same time, I realized that, if the boat was to trim properly, the seats would have to have different positions for one or two people. Therefore, I constructed the seats on a plate that could be moved forward if one person was paddling, backward if there were two paddlers. Each seat was inclined backwards about 9 degrees.

Since the plate might accidentally slide forward or backward, I arranged small ropes that could secure it in each position. To prevent the plate from sliding sideways when it was in the one-person position, I installed a removable spacer piece at its stern. This seat assembly weighed about 15lbs. Since I used 1/2" plywood for the plate, when 1/4" prob-

ably would have been strong enough, the assembly could have been made considerably lighter.

To strengthen the hull, I made three removable spacer pieces, one each for the bow, stern, and center. These spacer pieces are held in place with thin nylon rope.

Since I expected to have to make modifications on the boat, or attach appendages of some kind, I did not varnish or paint it, but simply left it with its epoxy finish.

This boat has exceeded my expectations in every respect. I have used it in the St. Lawrence River and Lake Michigan, as well as smaller bodies of water. It is about as fast and tippy as a canoe, but not as fast or tippy as a kayak. While I was afraid that its flat bottom would cause it to pound when going through waves, the narrowness of its bow, and slight rocker, has prevented this. It is extremely easy to put on top of my station wagon. The sides are high enough to prevent the shipping of water in even moderately wavy conditions. It has great carrying capacity. The seams have shown no tendency to crack and open. Once, while I was in it, it was battered against the rocky shore of an island by the swells produced by a passing power boat. There was no appreciable damage. Although the fin sections sustained heavy blows, they did not break off.

I worked on this boat on-and-off for about one week, including time for making the cardboard model, and the setting of the epoxy. Cost of materials was less than \$50. I would welcome comments about construction details and possible improvements for the boat.



Details of the segmented fin.  
The drop-in seat plate assembly.



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Here's more on the evolving Yuloh Saga. This appeared on the Wooden Boat Forum, and I contacted the author because it's a nice tale and brings yulohs out of the past and into Y2K. He said, please do send it along:

"Some time back someone asked about yulohs and I said that being surrounded by them I never paid proper attention to them when in South China. Well, I want to report on my activities last Saturday in order to make up for this.

I was in Shanghai on business and on Saturday I went with a couple of friends to visit Zhou Zhuang. Zhou Zhuang is a "picture postcard" small town where most of the houses date from the later Ming and early Qing dynasties, say 1400-1700. It is therefore a tourist attraction, not for foreigners but for Chinese people, and believe me you have no idea just how much tourism 1.2 billion people can generate on a fine spring Saturday morning.

However, here is the interesting bit. Like a lot of similar towns in Jiangsi province, which has always been a wealthy area, living by trade, Zhou Zhuang has a network of canals running through the town, like a smaller Oriental Venice or Amsterdam, and for much the same reason; merchants could bring their stock (silks, porcelain, etc) to their houses by boat rather than risk damage and pay for a cart. Today tourists are encouraged to take sampan rides just like taking a gondola in Venice.

So I ended up hiring a sampan and trying a yuloh.

First, the boat. I asked the lady owner what the name for this type of boat was and she said it had no special name, just an apo chuan (Grandma's boat) and that they cost RMB 5,000 (US\$600) each when new. LOA

## More on the Evolving Yuloh Saga

By Craig O'Connell

about 27', beam about 6', normal sampan construction with heavy carvel softwood planking laid over two bulkheads and the two bow and stern transoms to give the shape. No keel or other framing. Ends decked, open amidships. A canvas tilt can be erected over a couple of wood hoops, the canvas being stiffened with bamboo, over the midsection to keep the contents dry or for sleeping.

A rather tall and very flat headed and "square" or rather oblong shaped sail, with an aspect ratio of about 2:1, can be erected on a single mast, just aft of amidships, for use when crossing any of the numerous lakes in the region. The mast lifts out when not in use. There is no rudder; when sailing you steer with the yuloh, which you use for propulsion the rest of the time.

Displacement would be in the order of 3-4000lbs, unladen, as near as I could judge. Laden, could probably take 2-3 tons of cargo.

The yuloh is about 12' long for these boats, which have about 2' 6" freeboard aft. The blade is about 1' wide at the outboard end, which is flat, with the forward face flatter than the aft face as the blade runs up into the loom. This means that the blade is offset, if you will, flush against the forward end of the loom, but, there don't otherwise seem to be any "rules" for blade shape.

The blade is 3'-4' long. The upper part

of the loom is in three parts each of which is held to the others by lashings so that the inboard end is curved down, in the same plane as the blade, by about 10 to 15 degrees. The loom sits on a pivot pin and a light lanyard is clove hitched round the loom about 6" aft of the pin and belayed to the pin. The pin is offset to starboard, or to port if you are left handed.

The main lanyard runs from the inboard end of the handle to an eye in the gunwale outboard to starboard. In the case of the boat I hired, this lanyard was in fact made of an old truck fan belt and baler twine! The fan belt allows a little elasticity. To operate, pull the lanyard to tilt the blade, then pull the loom towards you; reverse at the end of the stroke, first pushing the lanyard then pushing the loom. The blade moves through the horizontal, not the vertical, between strokes, differentiating it from a sculling oar.

They are used on quite large craft, but the larger ones are usually ferrocement, not wood, and the diesel engine and the outboard are now heard in the land.

I would guess that in smoothish water the yuloh is far more efficient than oars for propelling a heavy craft. In waves, you have to use oars of course, just as we do in the West.

Speed - better than a moderate walking pace.

Andrew Craig-Bennett, acraigbennett@hotmail.com"

I may have some photos or drawings of Bill Foden's yuloh and bumkin since we corresponded a lot offline. I'll have to look. If so I ask only a Stamped Self-Addressed Envelope but people should email me first at <dadadata@friend.ly.net>



But many, or even most, sailboats are not open; certainly not a sailboat that presumes to venture out, or get caught, in any kind of serious weather. An open boat is not automatically disqualified as a suitable sailing hull. Captain Bligh, after all, was able to sail some 3,600 miles in an open boat; a small, over-laden one at that.

But an undecked craft does not allow for the same margin of error as a decked-over boat. An individual, planning to solo across the Atlantic, would instantly prefer Gerry Spiess' tiny *Yankee Girl*, with its peephole-sized hatch opening to Bligh's more commodious, but uncovered, craft. Nor are the personal safety benefits of a deck a recent notion. In 1849, a gale resulted in huge losses to the Scottish fishing fleet. A subsequent governmental investigation led to the requirement that fishing boats obtain decks.

Since a deck improves a boat's survivability and capsize-resistance, it also enhances sail-carrying capacity and, consequently, its potential for speed. An open jonboat hull, therefore, would be starting a race with at least one strike against it; it could not safely carry the same amount of sail as a decked-over vessel.

A second strike against a jonboat derives from its unrockered keel. A straight keel line (when viewed from the side or in profile) is an absolute necessity for a speedboat; it facilitates

## Sailing On The Cheap An Experimental Rig For A Jonboat

### Part 2

By Charles Mantis

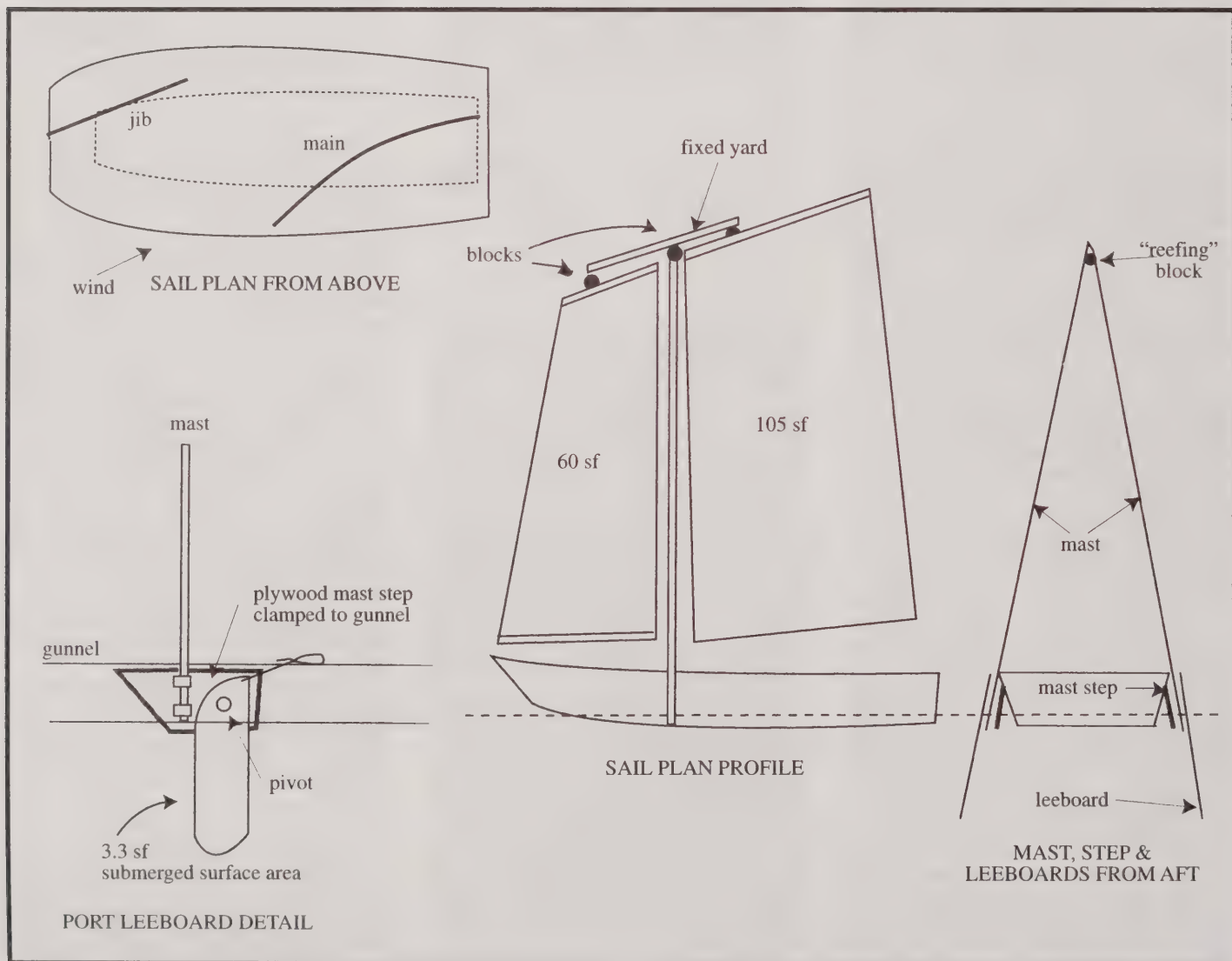
tates planing, it facilitates speed, it allows water to break cleanly away from the stern. So motorized speedboats want a straight keel. A horizontal one is OK, but one with its forward end slightly raised, up to 4 degrees maximum, is better.

A sailboat, on the other hand, which moves at a slower speed, does not like a straight, horizontal keel, and likes a straight keel with its forward end raised even less. At slow, sailboat-like speeds, water clings to a vertical transom, creating all kinds of undesirable drag. Consequently, a sailboat like a scow wants her transom, if she is forced to have one, to be kept clear of the water. She wants her after sections shapely and curvaceous, so that she leaves no turbulence in her wake. So if a jonboat, which was intended to carry a motor and travel fast, wants to be a completely successful sailboat, it will require at least a butt tuck, or perhaps some lipo-suction toward the stern, if not a complete sex-

change operation. (One has to be careful here to avoid drawing faulty conclusions based on anthropomorphic analogies; they can be so, well, seductive.)

A third strike against a jonboat hull is its blunt bow, a feature, which a few short paragraphs ago, was listed as an advantage. Like any other feature of a hull, a blunt bow has its negatives as well as its positives. In small-wave conditions, a blunt bow is an asset. But when the waves get larger, a blunt bow is subject to pounding; trying to plow through waves rather than splitting them. Scows cleverly avoid the problem by heeling over when heading into a wave, providing them with a sharper entry than even the most knife-like bow. A jonboat uses a different tactic: Its bow is raised somewhat. This allows the jonboat to rise up over the peaks of small waves rather than pounding into them. But either way, a blunt bow is potentially risky proposition, compromising a boat's seaworthiness.

Where does this leave us? Is a jonboat hull as good a sailing hull as a scow? Is it as good as, or better than, a more conventionally shaped sailboat hull? Who knows? It would almost surely depend on wind and wave conditions, the racecourse, or point of sail, and most critically the helmsperson and the amount of his or her experience with the hull and rig. Unquestionably, the most important variable is the skipper's skill. This is not a very satis-





fying answer to those of us who seek abstract, eternal truths regarding hull shapes. It is, nevertheless, the way it is, and to have offered this proposition at the outset, would have deprived us of the foregoing discussion/autodidactic experience. In any case, a jonboat hull should be an adequate one if not the theoretical ideal: Stable, light, relatively fast, and very inexpensive.

On a jonboat, almost any type of rig, except a tall, top-heavy one which any open boat is advised to avoid, should function adequately: A windsurfer rig, a Sunfish-like lateen rig, or the easily-and cheaply-constructed lateen so eloquently described in my *\$50, 5-Hour Canoe Sail Rig*. But the adventuresome might like to experiment with the modified lug rig detailed below. It features an A mast and two, high-aspect lugsails, and it offers a number of advantages over the standard rig options. For the sake of brevity and clarity, it will be referred to as the A-2 rig.

Its most obvious advantage: A huge amount of sail can be flown from a very short mast. I have stipulated 165sf of sail on a mast whose peak is less than 15' from the deck. This can be compared to an MC scow which, though a foot longer in overall length, ends up with a waterline length about equal to the jonboat diagrammed. The MC scow, by contrast, carries 135sf of sail on a mast that towers more than 23' over its deck. The geometric center of sail on the jonboat is almost a foot and a half closer to the waterline than the scow's. The wind, consequently, is exerting its force on a lever arm that is shorter, making the jonboat comparatively less tippy.

Generally, there is a price to be paid in weatherliness or close-windedness for a low-cut sailplan. A boat's upwind progress depends on the height of its luff; the taller the sail (and the higher its aspect ratio of height to width), the better the boat can sail upwind. The scow, accordingly, is expected to have an enormous advantage when sailing to windward.

But perhaps not. The A-2 rig has 26' of luff; none obstructed by a mast. Whether its 26', in two parts, is as efficient or as effective as the MC scow's continuous 22' hinges on one central question: Will the two sails act like a single, lethargic, low aspect sail, or will they act like two efficient high aspect sails? With the mainsail tacked to the windward gunwale (see diagram), the A-2 mainsail may experience an airflow that is undisturbed by its jib. This, in turn, might mean that its mainsail is as efficient as a conventional jib, while its own jib also enjoys undisturbed air. As a result, all 26' of A-2 luff may be effective.

Meanwhile, the A-2's jib is self-tending. Fitted with a boom, the jib has only one sheet which can remain cleated when tacking. It may even turn out that hauling the mainsail tack from gunwale to gunwale (see diagram) might negate the need to trim the mainsheet; coming about might require adjusting the location of the mainsail tack alone. If this proves to be the case, coming about with the A-2 rig might be every bit as easy as with the cat rig of the MC scow.

While there is unanimous agreement that a high aspect sail is more efficient to windward, there is considerably less unanimity as to what constitutes a sail. One theory of sailing aerodynamics holds that the jib and the mainsail of a standard sloop rig act like a single sail, in which case the aspect ratio of the entire rig is the critical variable. An opposing

theory argues that the jib and mainsail act independently; that each sail's individual aspect ratio is the important variable. A third group of theorists, who contended that the "slot effect" of the jib served to facilitate the mainsail's performance, would probably have argued that only the aspect ratio of the mainsail was important. But they were deprived of the opportunity when the slot-effect theory went out of favor (with about the same speed and at about the same time the "biorythms" postulations faded from public consciousness).

If the first theory is correct, and if there is insufficient separation between the jib and mainsail of the A-2 rig, then this rig will function very poorly upwind. But if the second theory is correct, or if there is sufficient separation between the two sails allowing them to function independently, then this may be a very weatherly rig indeed. The jib has an aspect ratio of 3.5:1, and the mainsail has an aspect ratio of 2:1. The peaks of triangular sails, on the other hand, are notoriously ineffective; too small and too flat to offer any forward thrust. If the effective height of the MC scow's luff is only, say, 90% of its actual height, then its single sail has an aspect ratio of 3:1. The two rigs, therefore, might be more competitive on an upwind leg than they would appear at first blush.

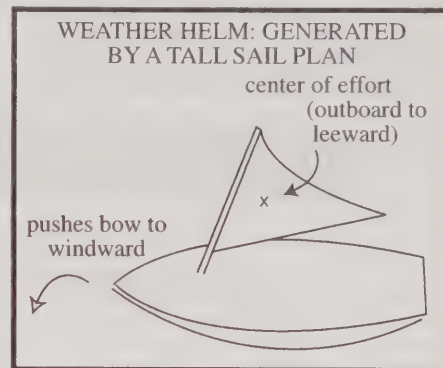
There is one potentially major source of inefficiency in the jonboat rig. Any sail set flying, any sail whose luff is not held rigid by a stay or a mast, is likely to be relatively less effective upwind. A straight, taut luff is deemed essential to weatherliness. Lugsails, to some degree, escape this quandary: Their luffs are held taut by the weight of the yard, most of which is concentrated aft of the yard's pivot point.

So if, after some experience, it appears our A-2 mainsail could benefit from a straighter luff, this can easily be achieved by attaching the halyard to a point further forward on the yard. The luff of our jib is even more easily straightened: The more the jib sheet is hardened, the more taut the luff will become. If neither jib nor mainsail seems capable of carrying a straight luff, one should not lose heart before doing some side-by-side races with sloop-rigged boats. Quadrilateral sails may not pay the same penalty for slack luffs as triangular sails. Only after some extensive experimentation will it be possible to determine if our jonboat rig suffers too severely from slack luffs.

No standing rigging is illustrated, and none should be required. When both sails are set, the pressure on the jib will counter the pressure on the main and vice-versa, negating the need for fore and backstays. When either sail is lowered, its halyard can serve as a stay. Needless to say, with an A mast, shrouds would be completely redundant. There are a number of disadvantages to standing rigging and, consequently, just as many reasons for its minimalization or elimination.

Standing rigging forces the mast to become a compression strut, requiring, in turn, that the keel and hull be reinforced to handle the stresses. Standing rigging makes the whole assembly more interdependent and brittle; if one stay goes, so goes the whole assembly. And standing rigging creates considerable windage; a cylindrical stay creates as much wind resistance as a mast with a streamlined cross section that is thirty times the diameter of the stay.

Admittedly, the whole shebang might be a bit unsightly, perhaps even ugly, but it should prove quite easy to handle. Even the mainsheet may require no blocks or other mechanical advantage devices. The A-2 rig may also develop a less nasty weather helm than most sloop or catboat sailors are accustomed to. The center of effort of a typical triangular mainsail tends to be well to the boat's lee. As the boat heels over, the C of E of the typical rig moves even further leeward, torquing the bow up into the wind and greatly exaggerating a boat's weather helm (see "Weather Helm" diagram.)



Tacked to the windward rail, the A-2 mainsail's center of effort will remain inboard, even more so since the jonboat's low rig imparts a lower heeling moment. Less heel, less weather helm, easier handling. As an extra safety bonus, there is no head-banging main boom serving to clear the decks of extraneous personnel in the event of an unexpected jibe.

Shortening sail, too, should be an easy process; possibly no more complicated than dropping one sail or the other to the deck and converting its halyard to a stay. In practice, simply furling one sail or the other may not adversely affect helm balance. But if it is affected, one sail can be hoisted to the "reefing block" located at the masthead, the other left furled on deck. By hoisting a single sail to a more central location, helm balance should be restored, at least to acceptable levels.

With one sail centrally located, the pressure of the leeward mast leg will distort the curve of the "reefed" sail somewhat, but the effect on performance should be slight. If it turns out that helm balance is poor when both sails are deployed, it should be a simple matter to attach the halyards to their respective yards further forward or aft or to relocate the halyard blocks elsewhere along the fixed yard's length.

The two sails are sized to make shortening sail a rationalized, step-down process. Both sails, together offering 165sf of area, can be carried in light winds; perhaps up to 7-9 knots. At that point, the jib can be furled, and the 105sf mainsail alone should do nicely up to perhaps 15-16 knots. Above these wind speeds, caution would dictate setting the 60sf jib alone, relocated to the reefing block if preferred. When the wind clocks much in excess of 25 knots, you don't have much business being out in an open sailboat without good reason. Being forced aboard one at gunpoint by a mutinous crew qualifies as "good reason" but not much else. If you do get caught in a high wind, it is hoped you have planned your itinerary so that you are upwind of your destination and can coast home under bare poles if necessary.

(To Be Continued)





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## Bolger on Design Day-Cabin Diesel Launch

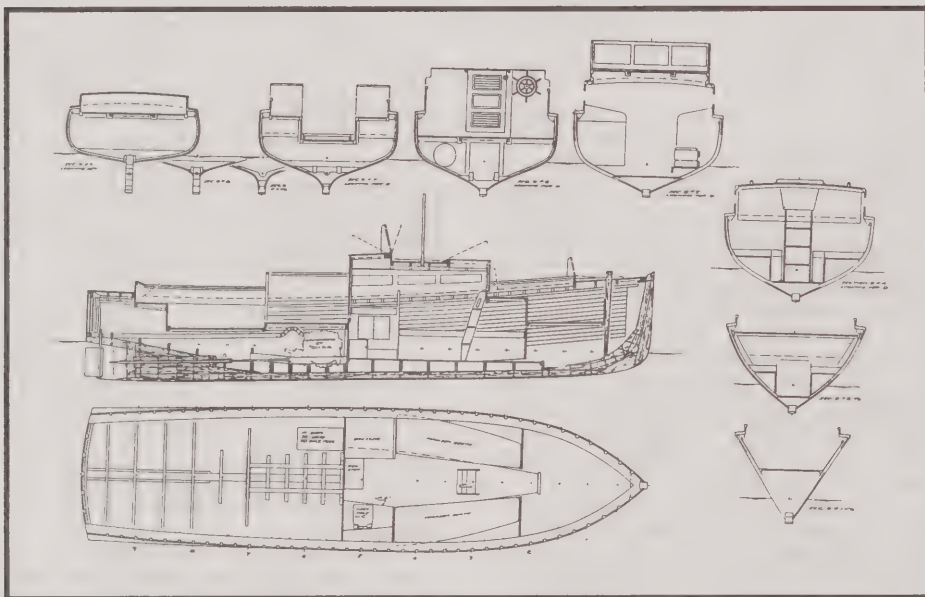
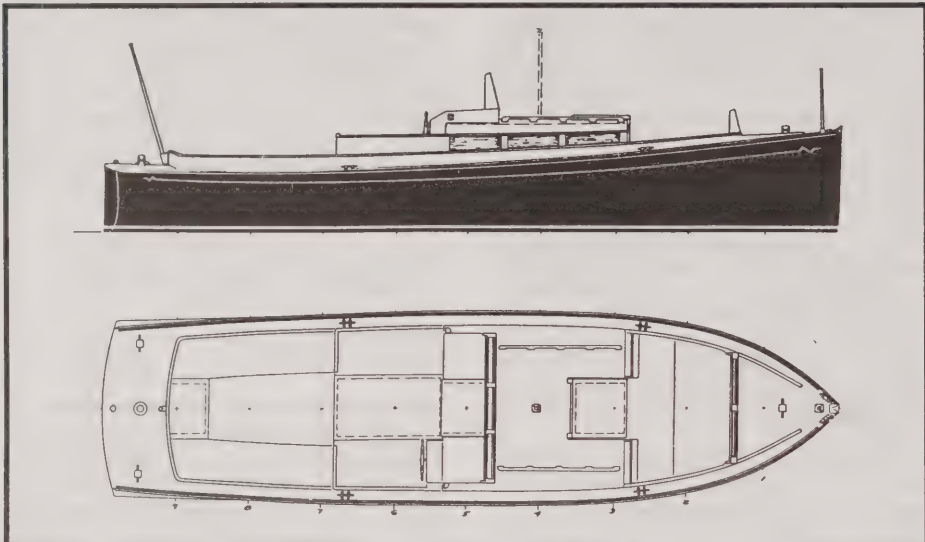
Design #528: 30'0"x7'7"x2'0"  
 Bridge Clearance 5'6"  
 Displacement 5700lbs

This boat was designed to replace an open fantail launch, and the primary object was to make a private space to change clothes and for a toilet. More room for a large party to spread out was desired, and a little more speed and rough-water comfort were acceptable. The 27hp diesel was expected to cruise her at seven knots without a very heavy wake, or 5-1/2 knots with no wake; appreciably faster than the fantail (which was also our design and quite nice). The very sharp lines forward plus moderate flare make a dry boat and a smooth-riding boat even, much of the time, for people sitting in the forward cockpit.

Her usual use would have been to run from her home mooring to one of several beaches, none more than ten miles or so away, to lie at anchor as a base for swimming and sunbathing for a few hours. She is a "picnic boat" (small letters and no registered trademark!), a phrase sometimes used before her time (designed about 1986).

Construction was conventional (now old-fashioned) with carvel planking on steam-bent frames; at the time an economical method that allows a complex hull shape. The "built-down" concave hull lines abaft amidships make a good pump well, and allow the stuffing box to be placed well back on the shaft where it acts as an intermediate bearing. Its location would allow installing a thrust bearing and universal joints for a very soft-mounted engine. Nowadays we would give her a dry exhaust and radiator cooling to eliminate all underwater openings except the one for the prop shaft.

The style was derived from a series of boats designed in the late 1920s by Walter McInnis that were certainly among the handsomest motorboats ever built. This one would have been in their class for looks, though the McInnis boats were fast commuter types and could look more spectacular. At congested-waters speeds the cleaner wake of a low-speed stern like this one looks well.



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We moved to Clearwater, Florida in the summer of 1975 and immediately began to think seriously about a boat. The key word is "seriously". I had been thinking about boats more or less continuously since the age of twelve, but geography and circumstances have permitted me to own only two over all those years. And suddenly, there was Clearwater Bay and the Gulf of Mexico right at my doorstep. Clearly, a boat was a must.

The combination of a new and demanding job plus some extra family responsibilities delayed the actual boat purchase for almost eighteen months and the frustration of waiting turned out to be a real blessing. In that year and a half I had time to list the qualities of the "perfect boat" and to design and re-design her in my head. We had some very specific requirements.

Our perfect boat had to be in the 16' to 20' range; have very shallow draft since much of Clearwater Bay has but two feet of water at mean low tide; be both stable and comfortable, stable because the Gulf of Mexico commands a lot of respect, and comfortable because I was too old and sedentary to spend my sailing time hiked out over the gunwale (Hobie Cats are great, but not for me!); require minimal maintenance as there are times when I can't get away for two or three weeks; be of fiberglass and have a self-bailing cockpit; have a simple rig for fast get away from the dock for those after-work evening sails; be trailerable, even though we insist on the boat staying in the water when at home, we wanted to be able to take her to other waters for vacations.

To this list of requirements my wife added one more. She likes to fish almost as much as I like to sail! We needed a good sailing boat that would also be fine for fishing. My initial reaction? "Impossible!"

During our eighteen boatless months we looked at lots of designs and sailed in some of them. I crewed for anyone who would have me and sailed in very nice boats indeed, but none of them met our rather unusual list of needs. And all the while, the mental picture of the "perfect boat" became ever more clearly defined.

It was a sunny and windy day in January when we finally set out to look at what was available in the local marinas. Set out, I might add, with a good deal of pessimism. The mental image of the "perfect boat" had hardened, and it seemed an impossible standard against which to measure anything we could possibly afford. We looked at the Compac, a design justly popular in this area, but she lacks the cockpit room we wanted and would hardly serve for those fishing trips. We looked at all sorts of boats: many met some of our needs, but all had major drawbacks.

And then, driving past a marina totally dedicated to "stinkpots", we saw the "perfect boat" sitting on a cradle and looking very out of place amidst all those outboards. Somebody else had wanted exactly the things we wanted and had designed and built to our mental specifications. That somebody was Clark Mills and the boat was designed with the shallows of Clearwater Bay and the power of the open Gulf clearly in mind.

The Sun Cat was 16'6" overall with a beam of 7'3". She drew a scant 9" with the boards up and had the additional advantage of twin bilgeboards and no centerboard trunk to clutter up the exceedingly large cockpit.

## Our Search For Our Perfect Boat

By Tom Shaw

Bilgeboard casings were neatly tucked away under the cockpit seats. The Sun Cat carried 165 square feet of canvas on her single sail which moved her very well, even in light winds. The total standing rigging were three wire stays. The mast was on a hinged tabernacle and rested, when lowered, on a gallews frame. Reefing was quick and efficient with a built-in crank that rolled the sail onto the boom.

For us, this was the "perfect boat". She met every one of our requirements, sailed very well both on and off the wind, and had plenty of cockpit space for a group of congenial friends. The six gallon gas tank for the kicker fitted neatly in a locker portside. The corresponding starboard lockers seemed to have been designed for two "Playmate" coolers, one for food and one for cold drinks. Other under-seat lockers cared for two anchors, life preservers, fenders, and all the other vital gear for happy sailing.

We found that five gallon plastic paint buckets were perfect for the storage of anchor ropes for the Danforth and the lunch hook. Similar buckets took the additional gear. The final benefit was that when the boom rested on the gallews frame there was lots of room for fishing.

The catboat rig put mast and stays well forward and out of the way. The enormous cockpit which seated six very comfortably and had been known to accommodate eight, gave us all the space we could ask for, especially as the arrangement of bilgeboards and lockers puts all gear below deck. The cockpit was, of course, self bailing and I need not worry when we got our torrential summer rains. Further, the high boom gave plenty of room under the bimini top which we found essential for summer sailing.

Maintenance was minimal; bottom paint every six months and occasional applications of teak oil kept her neat and ready to go. Since the Sun Cat weighed 1,100 pounds, we could readily put her on davits and work under her at low tide. One quart of bottom paint just covered her underwater surfaces. In fact, the only problem we encountered was the odd mullet who jumped, misguidedly, into the cockpit. Unless found promptly and removed, he became less than charming.

Looking back on the preceding years, I was very glad that circumstances prevented us from buying our boat until we had studied local charts and sailed in our home waters, and until we had a real understanding of how much time we could spend boating and what kind of sailing/fishing we would do. Given our time limits and our boating interests, our Sun Cat was the "perfect boat", perfect, that is, for us.

Somewhere out there is the "perfect boat" for you. Design her in your head because the chances are that if you look long enough you will discover that somebody has already built her.

## Background on the Sun Cat



Sun Cats were designed in 1966. My boat, *Chota Peg II*, purchased second hand in January of 1977 for \$1,600, a price that included sail, sail and tiller covers and outboard bracket, was #50, the highest sail number I saw in the bay. Back when I was sailing her I understood that #1, Clark Mill's boat, was still sailing. I added a Johnson 6hp outboard which was ample power even for adverse wind and tides. If anything, she was overpowered.

For a time, Sun Cats were not in production. Later on they were again being built and available (perhaps among other places) from Clearwater Bay Marine Ways, Inc., 900 N. Osceola Avenue, Clearwater, Fla. 33515. There was a later variation available with fixed keel, cabin and bunks and the option of an inboard engine (gas or diesel). Today I do not know the current status of either the SunCat or the company.

As far as I know, these boats did not have wide distribution outside of the immediate Florida west coast area. Since they were very practical for both inland and salt water sailing, others might be interested in them. If any readers do have knowledge of this boat, I'd be pleased to hear about it.

Tom Shaw, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412





# DreamBoats

## The Argos: The Little Skinboat That Could

By Richard Carsen

Once upon a time over three thousand years ago a guy called Jason and his gang decided to go and steal The Golden Fleece from a place called Colchis. Present day research, by Henrietta Mertz, places this Colchis at Lake Titicaca in the southern reaches of Peru. The name Colchis, seemingly a contraction of Colcheous, means "a pan poured out"; this brings to mind the panning for gold which is indeed what the area was known for. The rivers ran with gold.

For many years, this Colchis was thought to be somewhere on the coast of the Black Sea.

This mistake was brought about by the text of the argonautica stating that the argonauts journeyed through the Bosphorus, an ancient name for the Dardanelles, the straight that connects the Black Sea with the Aegean. As the boat was built on the Adriatic, logic would indicate that passing through the Bosphorus would take them into the Black Sea. However, if one does this nothing else seems to fit.

It was Henrietta Mertz's stroke of genius that solved the puzzle. Bosphorus, originally Bosphorus, etimologically indicates a pass, a low place to carry through or pass, like between

two mountains. In the case of bodies of water, the Dardanelles is indeed such a place, but so are the straits of Gibraltar, a low area where the waters of the Mediterranean are carried into the Atlantic. Once this major change in concept has been made, All the rest of the story falls into place. Ms. Mertz has identified and authenticated every single part of it, from the first Caribbean Island where they land after the crossing, all the way down the east coast of South America, and up the Rio de la Plata, the Parana, the Pilcomaya, the Camblaya to lake Poopo, and from there via the Desaguadero to Lake Titicaca.

If you doubt that this can be done, let me tell you that it has been done in our present day by a man called Tristan Jones. He was a single-hander; his boat eventually had to be carried; it was loaded on a mule-cart and this is shown in his book *The Incredible Journey*, in a photo. You can see that he is still following the river/mountain stream. This carrying bit is an important part of the story.

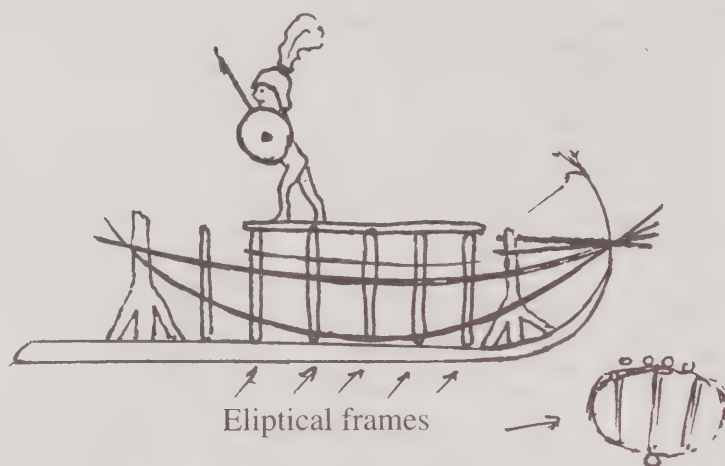
Translating the opening passages of the argonautica about 65 years ago, I remember how the little ship was built, up a small river on the coast of Yugoslavia. After building it "they carried it down the river to the sea" (this river being short and undeep). Now the only kind of boat that I know of which can be carried by its crew, is the Irish curragh, a seagoing fishing boat. This is still a skinboat, although the skins have been replaced by tarred paper and canvas.

We are told that "that they stuck their oars under the rowing seats, and carried it down the river". There is no way you can do this with a boat, the rowing seats of which are athwartship. But the drawings those ancients left us, show us that there was some sort of platform above the boat where you see warriors walking. These were the (longitudinal) rowing banks under which they stuck their oars. I've built a model of such a craft, the framework without the skin, and it is simple, starting with a sapling for keel and stern and using willow shoots to form circular frames and the wales and stringers. The end-result looks exactly like the ancient representations.

Skinboats, which once must have been popular, as we find their pictures all over the world, are noted for their seaworthiness. The reason given for this is their flexibility and resilience: they will give, yet retain form. Yet a journey across the Atlantic in such a small and lightly built vessel must remain an astounding feat. Of course they chose the best route; south by the Canaries and continuing south by west till the latitude of the Cape Verdes, then west by south to make the shortest possible hop across to South America.

All the time they have the wind pushing them. How do they know the latitude? By watching the Big Dipper. This means that others have taken this route before them, often enough to do these observations (and Prof. Coins Cuenca proves that this was the route Columbus took).

How do we know they were at Titicaca? They tell us that the Big Dipper "dips below the horizon" which is exactly what happens there, and not on the coast of the Black Sea. Having sailed this route, in my seafaring days, many times, I can assure you that it also happens to be a good-weather route. And already having a craft that could be carried, they were perfectly fitted to handle the upper reaches of the mountain streams.



Six rowers 2x2x2 side by side

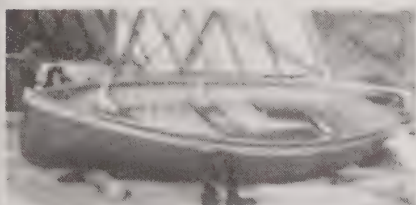




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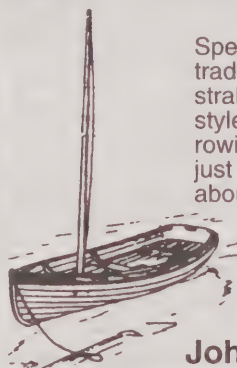
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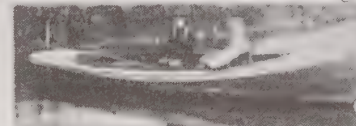
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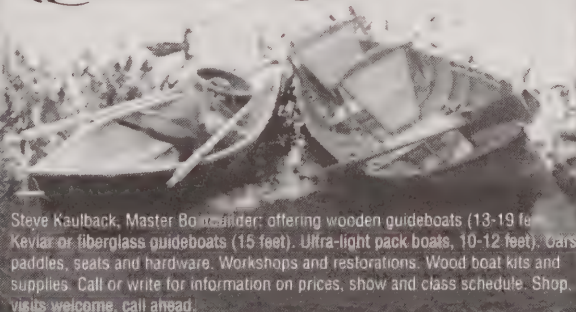
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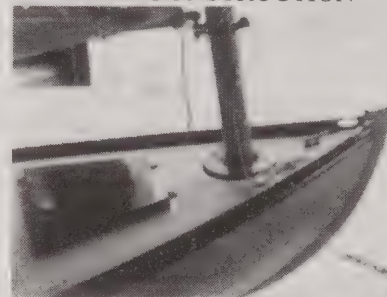
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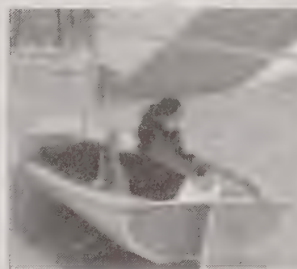
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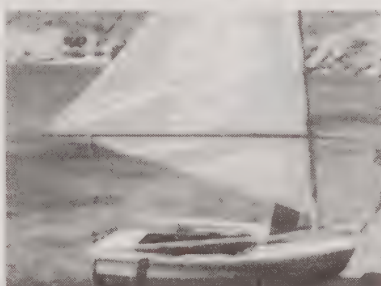


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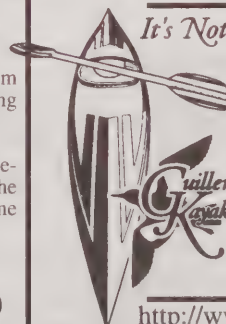
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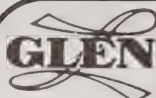


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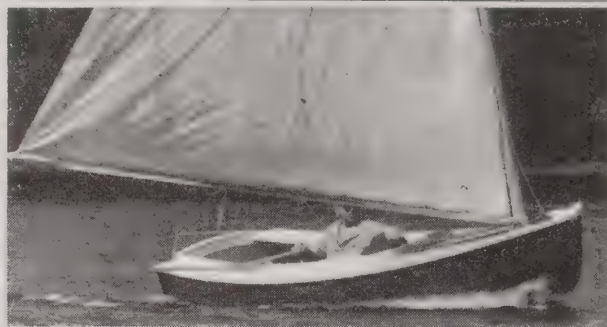
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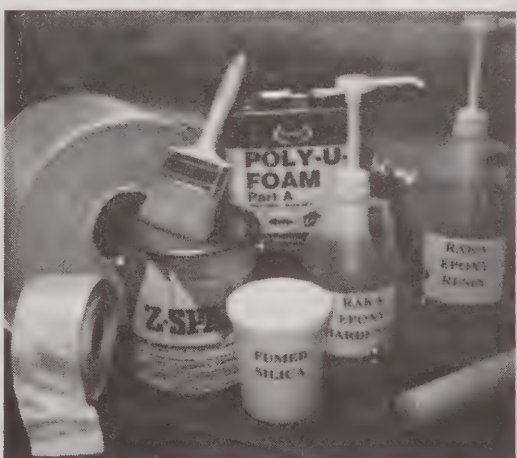


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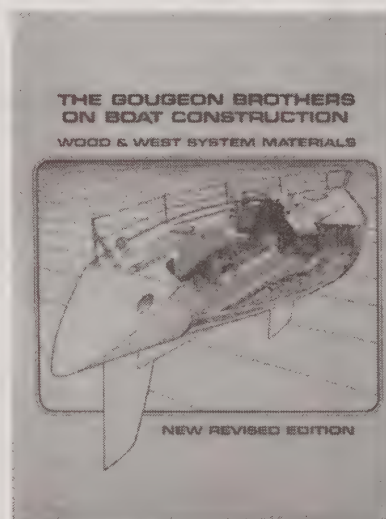
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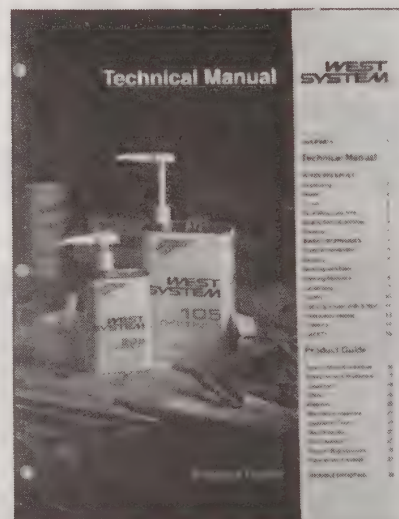
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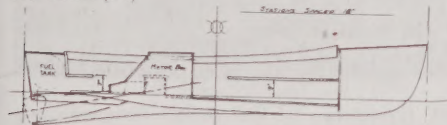
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BILL KAVANAUGH, Wallkill, NY, (914) 895-8568. (04)

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**'94 Sea Pearl 21**, dark green hull w/teak trim, tan-bark sails, Magic tilt trlr, many extras & upgrades. Cruise equipped, vy nice boat. \$6,200.  
JOHN GIGNILLIAT, 609 Trails End Rd., Wilmington, NC 28409, (910) 262-6152. (04)

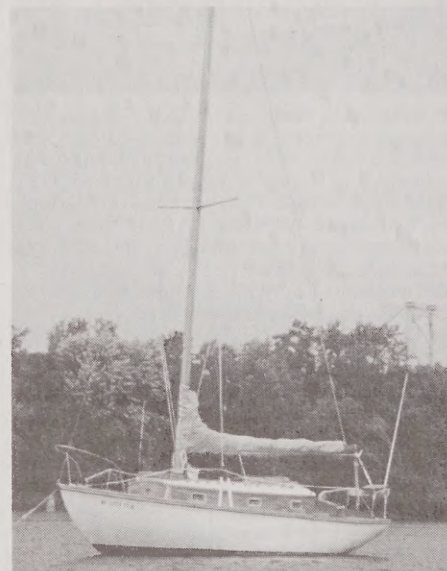


**16' Plywood Dory Skiff**, flat bottom, 6'6" beam, w/cabin, wood & canvas awning, FG hull, new trlr. \$1,250. **15'6" Bolger Common Sense Skiff**, FG hull, trlr, sails. \$1,000.  
JOHN INMAN, Bethpage, NY, (516) 520-9669. (04)



**21' Day Sailer**, one of a kind CB schooner blt of plywood & FG in '95. Fun to sail. Incl 4 sails, galv trlr, mooring cover. Ready for water. Asking \$3,900.  
THOMAS WELLS, Scarborough-on-Hudson, NY, (914) 843-6954. (04)

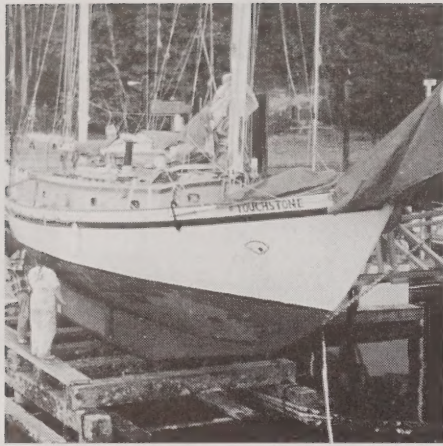
**16' Swampscott Dory**, '78 blt by Roger Crawford. Rowing & sailing model w/motor well. Vy beamy, gorgeous sheer, traditional looks. FG hull in vy gd cond, buff interior. Bronze hrdwre. Beautiful 9' spruce oars w/mahogany tips, spruce mast & new sprit, ash tiller & mahogany rudder all finished bright. Ash rails & teak thwarts finished w/Cetol. New inner stem & CB. Dk green sail w/white pennant. Galv trlr w/new wheels & tires. Too many boats, 2nd owner regretfully selling. Asking \$2,200.  
MARK SULLIVAN, Cambridge, MA, (508) 766-6369 days, (617) 497-0983 eves, <sulltikk@mediaone.net> (04)



**'48 Hinckley SW Jr. 30' sloop**, compl restored, new bright mahogany cabin, hatches, coamings, toerails & rubrails. New fastenings, floors, keelbolts & many frames. Opening bronze ports, dodger, bimini, autohelm, depth sounder. Bright spar, lg sail inventory. Universal 16hp diesel. Cruise ready, beautiful. \$23,000 OBO.  
BRUCE VIZINO, Shandaken, NY, (914) 688-7393 eves. (10)

**22' 3-Station Rowing Dory**, blt by Maine Artisans College. Vy sleek design. Cox seat & tiller added. \$1,600.  
PAUL DONOVAN, Parsonsfield, ME 04047, (207) 625-4513. (05)





**36' Rhodes Design Ketch**, custom blt '76, dbl ended full keel. Alaskan yellow cedar on oak frames. Albin 21 diesel. Winner of '98 Victoria Wooden Boat Festival Tsunami Class race. Awarded "Favorite Boat" at '98 Olympia Wooden Boat Festival. Health forces sale. \$45,000.  
JOHN ERICKSON, E. 2601 S. Island Dr., Shelton, WA 98584, (360) 432-0542. (05)



**22' Friendship Sloop**, blt '76, cedar on oak, well maintained, exc cond. Spring maintenance just completed. Blt by Eric Dow, designed by Antonio Dias, maintained by owner & Harold Burnham. Gaff rigged classic w/topsails, 5 dacron sails all gd cond. 8hp Tohatsu new 1995; KM, DS, VHF, Ioran, porta potti, wheel steering. Lots of bright mahogany. Many extras. Slps 2. \$11,000.  
JONATHAN LEAVY, Newton MA, (617) 527-3226, <jleavy@actmedical.com> (04)

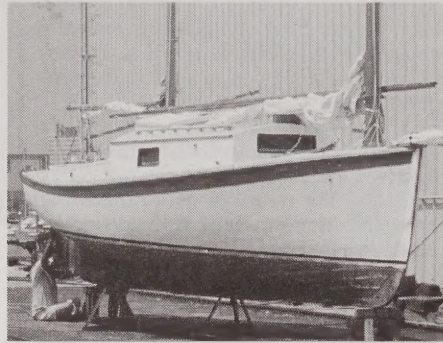
**25' Amphibicon**, '59 strip planked cedar, compl restored. 6 sails, new cradle. Everything either new or restored, sail away! 9.9hp OB in well, slps 4 cosy w/full galley, china head, bronze hrdwre. \$12,500, on mooring northern MI.  
STEPHEN WISEMAN, Petoskey, MI, (231) 487-0089, <swise@freeway.net> (05)

**Point Jude 15' DaySailer**, w/trlr. New sails & new tiller. \$1,800. **Old Town Canoe**, 18' H.W. Model, '31 w/copy of original bill of sale. In process of recanvassing. Will probably need to be redone. \$300.  
PAT MC CARTHY, Mattapoisett, MA (508) 758-2493. (05)



**19' Big Dory**, epoxy over marine ply, vy gd cond. \$1,200. Can be seen at 82 Clifton Ave., Saugus, MA.  
JACK CURLEY, Saugus, MA, (781) 856-3832. (05)

**12-1/2' Bauer Marconi Cat**, new '99 never used, 4cycle Honda, qual trlr. Total cost new \$7,000, first \$4,000 owns. Health. **18.5' Sharpie**, Atkins design, cedar on oak, Edson wheel, dacron main & self tending jib, bowsprit, motor well, taffrail, 9.5 Johnson. Cost \$12,000, firm @ \$4,000.  
MILTON BOND, 328 Housatonic Ave., Stratford, CT 06615, (203) 377-0086. (05)



**Custom Cat-Ketch**, w/sprit rig, 24', '62, cedar on oak, lg cockpit & spacious cabin, shoal draft, slps 4; new 5 hp Seagull, new paint top and bottom. Compl w/all gear, in the water, sailaway condition. \$1,500 OBO.  
AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (215) 579-9103. (05)

**Dovekie 21'**, # 105, '84, dk green hull, bow board w/turning blocks & cleat, modified leeboard hubs, grey inside floor, off-white hull inside & deck, U-shaped FG seat, E&D side motor mount, 4hbp Evinrude long shaft w/remot gas tank, galv E&D trlr w/new galv running gear, back porch w/SS frame, dodger, canopy, inside storage covers, tanbark sail w/jiffy reefing; snotter w/turning blocks & cleat, wooden mast w/canvas sail cover, wooden sprit w/canvas cover, both FG & fabric hatch covers, oars, compass, Bruce anchor w/chain & line, furling crank, SS shackles on shrouds, \$5,500.  
JIM PLOURDE, 114 N. Marshall St., Allentown, PA 18104, (610) 437-3470, <plourde@fast.net> (05)

**36' Crocker CB Ketch**, *Jingo*, '59, Design #311. Mahogany & cedar on oak, bronze fastened, 4 cyl Westerbeke diesel, tabernacle masts, Shipmate coal stove, 6 berths, vy traditional. A gd little ship. \$38,000.  
CHRIS FINCH, Lowell, MA, (978) 458-3896. (05)

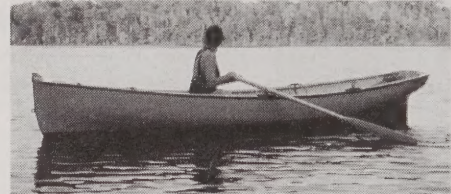
**18'Alden Ocean Shell**, dble compl w/2 Oarmasters, oars, & dolly. Vy fast & seaworthy rowing boat. Gd cond. Asking \$1,750.  
CRAIG MC LANAHAN, Marblehead, MA (781) 631-7139, <cmclanah@shore.net> (05)



**14' Peapod**, FG sail and row boat, mfg by Hi-liner Marine. Mahogany trim, flotation, CB, tanbark sails, looks better than picture. \$900.  
JOHN LONGBOTTOM, S17 P5, 417 Birdwood Ave., Haddonfield NJ 08033, (856) 428-7032. (05)



**Columbia Sloop**, fully equipt. In vy gd shape. \$4,000 or trade for smaller boat. DANIEL TAYLOR, Brasher Falls NY, (315) 389-5003. (05)



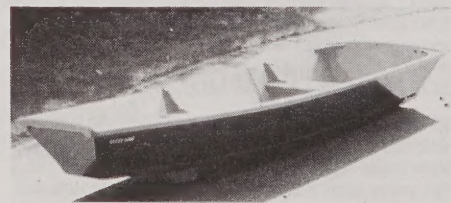
**15' Whitehall Skiff**, extremely seaworthy rowboat/yacht tender. 2 rowing positions, seats 4+ adults & their gear. Vy gd cond, cedar over oak, approx 20 yrs old. \$4,400 incl 2 sets Shaw & Tenney oars, bronze oarlocks, nr new alum trlr. \$4,000 w/trlr. Will deliver free within 350 miles of Atalanta, otherwise will negotiate delivery.  
BOB ROSEN, Decatur, GA, (404) 562-8761, <rosen.bob@epa.gov> (05)



**30' Tennessee**, '97 Phil Bolger designed camp cruiser. Epoxy over plywood. Slps 2. porta potti, VHF, GPS, etc. 1 yr old 25hp Tohatsu OB, cruise all day on 6 gals. Not fancy but vy fun. Located in Boston, MA. \$5,500.  
JACK CURLEY, Saugus, MA, (781) 231-7089. (04)

**16' Folbot Big Glider**, 40" beam, hypalon covering 5 yrs old, gd cond. W/lateen sail rig, leeboard, electric trolling motor mount, w/31lbs thrust Minkota motor, 2 marine batteries & Folbot paddle, Folbot travel bags, & some spare parts \$500.  
FLOYD BEAM, 1933 Virginia Ave, Bensalem, PA. 19020, (215) 245 4297. (05)

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**12' Tender/Jon Boat**, constructed of 1st class materials & only used a few times. Nice lines w/varnished interior. Grt for getting a crowd out to your yacht or going fishing with a buddy. Incl oars & oar locks. Blt-in wheels for easy transport to water's edge. Stored inside. Exc cond. \$775.  
ERIC RISCH, Ellsworth, ME, (207) 667-2575. (04)



**Too Many Toys**, must sell **Newfound Redbird Woodstrip Canoe**, 18', vy vy light, barely used, a real bargain. \$750. **Geodesic Kayak**, blt by Platt Monfort himself, also vy light. \$350. **Canoe**, wood/canvas, 16', '40s (?), all redone, vy pretty. \$800. BOB OSTHUES, Holden, MA, (508) 829-4532, <rosthues@yahoo.com> (05)

**12' Amesbury Skiff**, blt by Sturdee Boat Co. Lapstrake FG hull, oak gunwales, mahogany thwarts. Mint cond. Boat only, \$1,000; w/galv trlr, \$1,500. Exc for rowing or 8hp OB. **17' Old Town Discovery Canoe**, red, gd cond. \$600. **8' Ensign Dinghy**, gd cond. \$400. THOMAS KLIN, Rocky hill, CT, (860) 563-1365, <keelhaul@aol.com> (05)

**20' Flying Dutchman Sailboat Hull**, cold molded wood. Deck mostly shot, but hull sound & salvageable. Might make interesting IB powerboat/electric launch conversion project. \$100 OBO. ALAN GLOS, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 655-8296 eves, <aglos@mail.colgate.edu> (05)

#### BOATS WANTED

**Drascombe Longboat**, w/trlr, willing to pay top dollar for boat in gd cond. WOODY BOWMAN, 1697 N. Centerline, White Cloud, MI 49349, (231) 689-2022. (05)

**Sid-Craft Plywood Racing Boats**, any year, any cond. **FeatherCraft**, 12' to 15' barrel stern. LEN LUPTON, 788 Nabbs Creek Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21060, (410) 437-0876 home, (301) 352-6476 work, <sid-craft@worldnet.att.net> home, <len.lupton@lmco.com> work. (04)

**Stur-Dee Cat**, Priced reasonably. Will pick up. MITCH HALPER, Lubec, ME, (207) 733-7551. (05)

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**White PolySail Kits**, 10'x20' Tarp & Tape Kit only \$39.50. DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106, <polysail@aol.com> (6P)

**Bolger Micro**, spars, lead keel, mizzen sail. ALAN LINN, FL, (941) 778-1266. (04)

**Flying Dutchman Class Sailboat Gear**, Proctor alum mast w/SS standing rigging and halyards \$100. Alum boom w/ all fittings \$30. CB \$25. 2 SS automatic suction bailers \$15 ea or both for \$25. 2 adjustable jib blocks on track both \$15. Small ratchet jib sheet winch \$10. All of the above \$175. ALAN GLOS, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 655-8296 eves, <aglos@mail.colgate.edu> (05)

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**Vintage Outboards**, parts, controls.

ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732-477-1107. (04P)

**Knotmaster MK IIIA**, Model KDO by Thomas Walker & Son of Birmingham, UK. Patent log, new in wood case. \$52. WM. G. OSBORN, Stamford, CT, (203) 322-2352, <garryo914@aol.com> (05)

**Several OB Motors**, in 3hp-33hp range from '31 to '68 vintage, all in gd running cond. Send SASE for detailed list.

PETE CARTIER, 704 Ridge Rd., Queensbury, NY 12804, (518) 793-2351. (05)

**8hp Seagull**, '85. \$290.

ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732-477-1107. (04P)

**Small 1cyl Caille IB Marine (Canoe) Engine**, made by the Caille Perfection Motor Co. Detroit MI. \$1,200. **Peterborough Runabout Windshield Frame**, nds rechroming. \$350. **2 Lg Wooden Sailing Ship Blocks**. Will consider guns in trade. Roy Royal, Columbus, MI, (810) 727-7320 home, (313) 390-6444 work. (05)

**Free OB**, '86 Johnson Sailmaster 9.9hp, electric start, extra long shaft. Originally sold w/fuel tank that had a separate oil reservoir and automatically mixed at a ratio of 100:1. I bought motor used, w/ our boat and never was informed about a recall on the tanks. Result is low compression from worn rings and I have neither the time nor interest to rbl. Motor will start. New tank incl. \$0.00 to anyone who can work on it or use it for parts. FRED DARROW, Lexington MA, (781) 862-1410 <darrow@ma.ultranet.com> (05)



**Lightweight Trailer**, this is the best solution I know of for trailering most light pulling boats & sailboats. Carries your boat on 4 padded blocks which move to best locations and tilt and swivel to fit your hull exactly. Axle moves to best location for balance and springing. We consult by phone, factory ships UPS direct to you. MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, (518) 624-6398 or <mason@telenet.net> (04)

**Alcott Sunfish Parts**, new & unused mahogany rudder, tiller, & daggerboard. List \$360; yours w/ transportation prepaid \$160. A. BENNETT WILSON, JR., P.O. Box 380, Toppling, VA 23169, (804) 758-0850, <abennett@crosslink.net> (04)

**Mercury OB**, older (late '60, early '70) 50hp, runs grt, fair cond cosmetically, \$400 or trade for later model 10hp-15hp Mercury OB or older FG runabout, MFG, Owens, Glaspar, etc. LEN LUPTON, 788 Nabbs Creek Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21060, (410) 437-0876 home, (301) 352-6476 work, <sid-craft@worldnet.att.net> home, <len.lupton@lmco.com> work. (04)

#### GEAR WANTED

**British Seagulls**, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

**Mercury Fishing & Race Motors**, '60 or older. Any cond, parts, basket cases OK. Race boat steering wheels, throttles, fins, pulleys or related hardware. Cast iron Mercury engine stands. LEN LUPTON, 788 Nabbs Creek Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21060, (410) 437-0876 home, (301) 352-6476 work, <sid-craft@worldnet.att.net> home, <len.lupton@lmco.com> work. (04)

#### BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Hal Kelly Plans**, for "Hi Jinx" race boat, "Foo Ling" race boat. **Boat Sport Magazines**, **How to Build 20 Boats Series**.

LEN LUPTON, 788 Nabbs Creek Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21060, (410) 437-0876 home, (301) 352-6476 work, <sid-craft@worldnet.att.net> home, <len.lupton@lmco.com> work. (04)

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**GLEN-L MARINE DESIGNS**, Box 1804/MAO, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804. MC/ VISA/DISC/AMEX 562-630-6258. **www.Glen-L.com** (TFP)

**\$200 Sailboat**, Bolger design, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/comp directions. \$20.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <DaveCarnell@worldnet.att.net> (TF)

**Falmouth Quay Punt Plans**, & something deep draft, dbl ended, heavy, round bottom, narrow beam, roughly 4 beam, full keel, deep forefoot, strong sheer or moderate, divided sail plan. Scaleable to 28'. OB rudder, no overhang.

KEITH SCHARPING, 312 South Ave., Medina, NY 14103 (04)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

#### BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

**Old Canoe Catalogs**.

LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

**Various Books**: Culler's *Boats, Oars & Rowing*; *The Shoe & Canoe* by Bigsby; *Trail of the Red Canoe* by M. Govan ('54 juvenile); any early Peterborough canoe history; any other early canoe/kayak titles. Please send details incl price required (surface mail to UK).

CAROL DAVIS, Devon, England, <dddesigns@mailcity.com> (05)

#### MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

**Swans Island ME House Rental**, \$700/wk. 6 ferries/day. Slps 4 or 5.

IVER LOFVING, Swans, Island, ME, (207) 773-9505 or (207) 526-4121. (05)

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GEORGE YANSON, Pittsford, NY, (716) 248-5022. (04)





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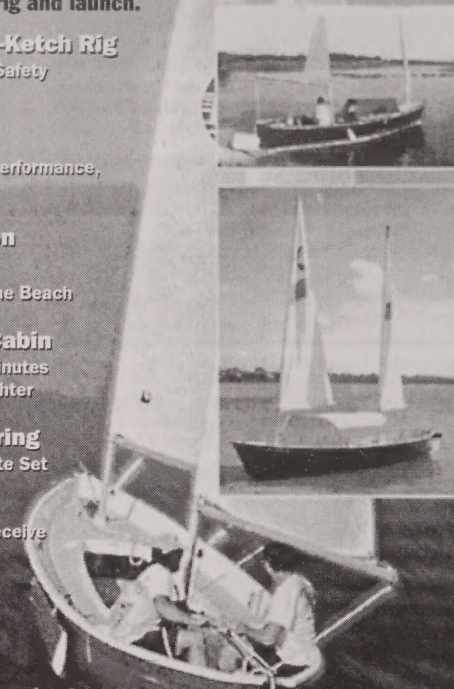
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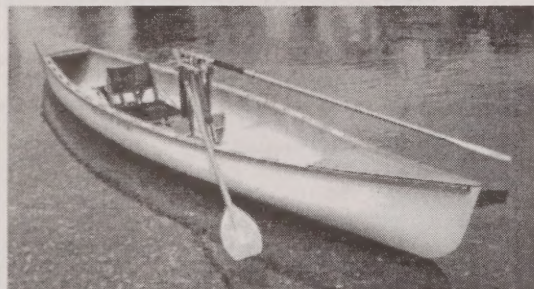
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